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RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.


BRITISH MUSEUM

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OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

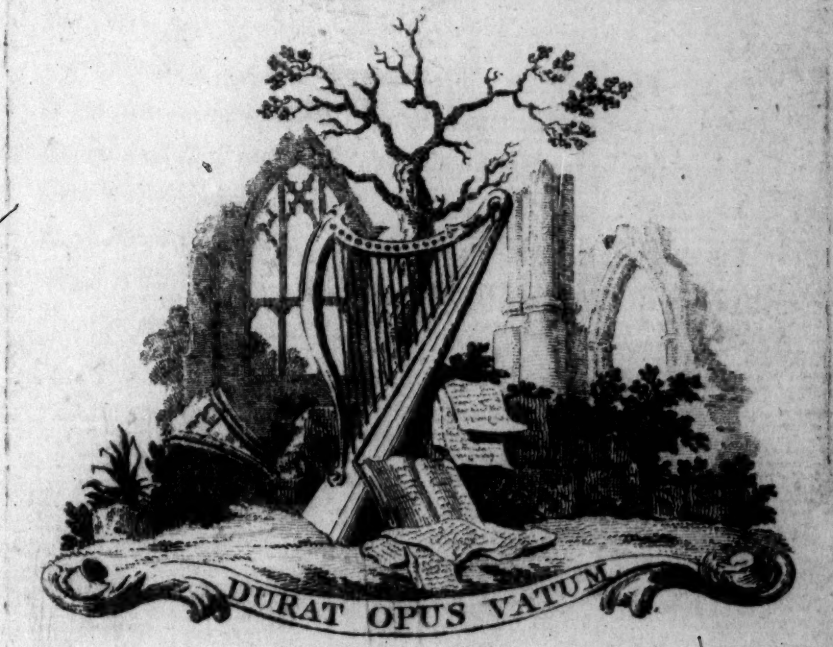
CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with some few of later Date.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



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Though ſome make ſlight of LIBELS, yet you may ſee by them how the wind ſits: As take a ſtraw and throw it up into the air, you may ſee by that, which way the wind is, which you ſhall not do by caſting up a ſtone. More ſolid things do not ſhew the complexion of the times ſo well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN's TABLE-TALK.

ANCIENT

Wm. Cole.



ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE SECOND. BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

" *A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de* " *Montfort, earl of Leiceſter, ſoon after the battle of Lewes,* " *which was fought May* 14, 1264,"

—*affords a curious ſpecimen of ancient Satire, and ſhews that the liberty, aſſumed by the good people of this realm, of*

 abuſing

abuſing their kings and princes at pleaſure, is a privilege of very long ſtanding.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the Reader is to underſtand that juſt before the battle of Lewe ſwhich proved ſo fatal to the intereſts of Henry III, *the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans* 30,000*l, to procure a peace upon ſuch terms, as would have diveſted Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The conſequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his ſon, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Juſticiary had been glad to eſcape into France.*

In the 1ſt ſtanza the aforeſaid ſum of THIRTY THOUSAND *pounds is alluded to, but with the uſual miſrepreſentation of party malevolence, is aſſerted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.*

With regard to the 2d ſt. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALINGFORD *and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in* 1243. ——WINDSOR *caſtle was the chief fortreſs belonging to the king, and had been garriſoned by foreigners: a circumſtance, which furniſhes out the burthen of each ſtanza.*

The 3d ſt. very humorouſly alludes to ſome little fact, which hiſtory hath not condeſcended to record. Earl Richard poſſeſſed ſome large WATER-MILLS *near Iſtleworth, which had been plundered and burnt by the Londoners: in theſe perhaps by way of defence he had lodged a party of ſoldiers.*

The 4th ſt. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, *and had afterwards gone over to take poſſeſſion of his dignity, was in the year* 1259 *about to return into England, when the barons raiſed a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced*

forced to diſmiſs almoſt all his followers, otherwiſe the barons would have oppoſed his landing.

In the 5th ſt. the writer regrets the eſcape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th, and 7th ſts. inſinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigod once fell into the hands of their adverſaries, they ſhould never more return home. A circumſtance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 *both theſe noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party ſoon after gained the aſcendant. See Holingſhed, Rapin,* &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum. [*Harl. MSS.* 2253. *f.* 23.] *This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard* II; th *being every where expreſſed by the character* þ; *the* ẏ *is pointed after the Saxon manner; and the* í *hath an oblique ſtroke over it.*

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a ſmall deſign, which the engraver intended ſhould correſpond with the ſubject. On the one ſide a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the enſigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the maſque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which ſtands on a pedeſtal inſcribed MAGNA CHARTA, *to denote that the rights of the king, as well as thoſe of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demoliſh both.*

SITTETH alle ſtille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thouſent pound aſkede he
For te make the pees in the countre,
Ant ſo he dude more.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen ſhalt thou never more.

Ver. 2, kyn. *MS.*

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He ſpende al is treſour opon ſwyvyng,
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
Let him habbe, aſe he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
He ſaiſede the mulne for a caſtel,
With hare ſharpe ſwerdes he grounde the ſtel,
He wende that the ſayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys hoſt,
Makede him a caſtel of a mulne poſt,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boſt,
Brohte from Alemayne mony ſori goſt
To ſtore Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche ſynne,
That lette paſſen over ſee the erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the ſelver, and y-boren henne,
For love of Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath ſuore bi ys chȳn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Warȳn,
Shuld he never more come to is ȳn,
Ne with ſheld, ne with ſpere, ne with other gȳn,
To help of Wyndeſore
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath ſuore bi ys 'fot,'
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he ſhulde grante here twelfmoneth ſcot,
Shulde he never more with his ſot pot
To helpe Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen ſhalt thou never more.

Ver. 38. top. *or* cop.
Ver. 40. g'te here. *MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloſs.*

*** *The* SERIES OF POEMS *given in this volume will ſhew the gradual changes of the* ENGLISH *Language thro' a ſucceſſion of* FIVE HUNDRED *years. This and the foregoing article may be conſidered as ſpecimens of it in its moſt early ſtate, almoſt as ſoon as it ceaſed to be* SAXON. *Indeed the annals of this kingdom are written in the Saxon language almoſt down to the end of K. Stephen's reign: for ſo far reaches the* SAXON CHRONICLE: *within little more than a century of the date of this poem.*

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. *died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been compoſed ſoon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to thoſe times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his ſkill in government, and pays leſs attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to ſome little weakneſſes of ſuperſtition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the ſum of 32,000l. to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 ſay hiſtorians, 80 ſays our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Paleſtine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honeſt prejudices of an Engliſhman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whoſe daughter Iſabel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his deſtructive favourite Piers Gaveſton ſpent the money upon their pleaſures.——To do the greater honour to the memory of his heroe, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the* POPE; *with the ſame poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praiſes.*

This antique Elegy is extracted from the ſame MS volume, as the preceding article; is found with the ſame peculiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the diſtance of half a century contains little or no varia-

variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 *or* 60 *years after this, exhibits almoſt a new language. This ſeems to countenance the opinion of ſome antiquaries that this great poet made conſiderable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of ſpeech from other languages.*

ALLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A ſtounde herkneth to my ſong
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh me ſyke, ant ſorewe among;
Of a knyht, that wes ſo ſtrong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he ſo ſone ſhall ligge ſtille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that ſong is, that y ſynge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith ſo lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con ſpringe:
Treweſt mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge,
Of Criſtendome he bet the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
He ſpek aſe mon that wes in care,
" Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he ſayde,
" Y charge ou by oure ſware,

" That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
" Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
" Helpeth mi ſone, ant crouneth him newe,
" For he is neſt to buen y-core.

" Ich biqueth myn herte aryht,
" That hit be write at mi devys,
" Over the ſee that Hue * be diht,
" With fourſcore knyhtes al of prys,
" In werre that buen war ant wys,
" Azein the hethene for te fyhte,
" To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
" Myſelf ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedeſt 'ſinne,'
That thou the counſail woldeſt fonde,
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'
To wende to the holy londe:
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wyſſe,
To wenden in to the holy londe
To wynnen us heveriche bliſſe.

The meſſager to the pope com,
And ſeyde that oure kyng wes ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte wes ful gret:

The

* *This is probably the name of ſome perſon, who was to preſide over this buſineſs.* *Ver.* 33. ſunne. *MS.* *Ver.* 35. kyng Edward. *MS.* *Ver.* 43. ys *is probably a contraction of* in hys *or* yn his.

The Pope him ſelf the lettre redde,
Ant ſpec a word of gret honour.
" Alas! he ſeid, is Edward ded?
" Of Criſtendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he ſpeke na more;
Ant after cardinals he ſende,
That muche couthen of Criſtes lore,
Bothe the laſſe, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant ſynge:
Gret deol me myhte ſe thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters ſtod at is maſſe
With ful gret ſolempnetè,
Ther me con the ſoule bleſſe:
" Kyng Edward honoured thou be:
" God love thi ſone come after the,
" Bringe to ende that thou haſt bygonne,
" The holy crois y-mad of tre,
" So fain thou woldeſt hit hav y-wonne.

" Jeruſalem, thou haſt i-lore
" The flour of al chivalrie
" Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
" Alas! that he zet ſhulde deye!

Ver. 55. Me, *i. e. Man. ſo in Robert of Glouceſter paſſim.*

" He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
" Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
" Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie
" Er we a ſuch kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
King of Engelond al aplyht,
God lete him ner be worſe man
Then is fader, ne laſſe of myht,
To holden is pore men to ryht,
And underſtonde good counſail,
Al Engelong for to wyſſe ant dyht;
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of ſtel,
Ant min herte yzote of bras,
The godneſs myht y never telle,
That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
In uch bataille thou hadeſt prys;
God bringe thi ſoule to the honour,
That ever wes, ant ever ys.*

* *Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as evidently ſpurious, we chuſe to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.*

That laſteth ay withouten ende,
Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke bliſſe
Jeſus us ſende. Amen.

III. AN

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little ſonnet, which hath eſcaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the firſt time from an ancient MS in the Pepyſian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The verſification is of that ſpecies, which the French call RONDEAU, *very naturally engliſhed by our honeſt countrymen* ROUND O. *Tho' ſo early adopted by them, our anceſtors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondneſs for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dawn of literature. The ancient Greek poets had their* WINGS *and* AXES: *the great father of Engliſh poeſy may therefore be pardoned one poor ſolitary* RONDEAU.—*Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct.* 25. 1400. *aged* 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will ſle me ſodenly,
I may the beaute of them not ſuſtene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen haſtely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will ſle me ſodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I ſey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth ſhal be ſene.
Youre two eyn &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beaute fro your herte chaſed
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltleſs my deth thus have ye purchaſed;
I ſey yow ſoth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chaſed.

4.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compaſsed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he ſterve for the peyn.
So hath youre beaute &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love eſcaped am ſo fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his priſon lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may anſwere, and ſey this and that,
I do not fors, I ſpeak ryght as I mene;
Syn I fro love eſcaped am ſo fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-ſtrike out of his ſclat,
And he is ſtrike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo * this is non other mene.
Syn I fro love eſcaped &c.

* Ther.

IV. THE

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

"OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING "OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

*It does honour to the good ſenſe of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudeſt times could ſee thro' the falſe glare that ſurrounded them, and diſcover whatever was abſurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of ſir Tropas in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humourous burleſque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the inſtitution of chivalry was upon the whole uſeful or pernicious in the rude ages, a queſtion that has lately employed many fine pens *, it evidently encouraged a vindictive ſpirit, and gave ſuch force to the cuſtom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal conſequences which often attended the diverſion of the Turnament, was ſufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its cenſures againſt it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its ſuppreſſion. But faſhion and opinion are ſuperior to authority; and the proclamations againſt Tilting were as little regarded in thoſe times, as the laws againſt Duelling are in theſe. This did not eſcape the diſcernment of our poet, who eaſily perceived that inveterate opinions muſt be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and cenſures; he accordingly made uſe of the keen one of* RIDICULE. *With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the ſolemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular*

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne de s. Palais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the diſplay of armour—the ſcucheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the liſts—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and, the magnificent feaſting,—with all the other ſolemn fopperies, that uſually attended the exerciſe of the barriers. And how acutely the ſharpneſs of the author's humour muſt have been felt in thoſe days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of the keenneſs now, when time has ſo much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM *was publiſh'd from an ancient MS. in* 1631 4*to, by the rev. Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the tranſlators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been ſome time parſon of the ſame pariſh, and author of another treatiſe intitled* Paſſio Domini Jeſu Chriſti. *Bedwell, who was eminently ſkilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little converſant with the ancient writers in his own: and he ſo little entered into the ſpirit of the poem he was publiſhing that he contends for its being a ſerious narrative of a real event, and thinks it muſt have been written before the time of Edward* III, *becauſe Turnaments were prohibited in that reign.* "*I do verily beleeve,* "*ſays he, that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durſt any to attempt to* "*do that, although in ſport, which was ſo ſtraightly forbidden, both by the civill and eccleſiaſticall power? For* "*although they fought not with lances, yet as our authour* "*ſayth,* "*It was no childrens game.*" *And what would* "*have become of him, thinke you, which ſhould have ſlayne* "*another in this manner of jeaſting? Would he not, trow* "*you, have bene* HANG'D FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, "AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?" *It is however well known that Turnaments were in uſe down to the reign of Elizabeth.*

Without pretending to aſcertain the date of this Poem, the obſoleteneſs of the ſtyle ſhews it to be very ancient: It will appear from the ſameneſs of orthography in the above extract

that

that Bedwell has generally reduced that of the poem to the ſtandard of his own times; yet, notwithſtanding this innovation, the phraſeology and idiom ſhew it to be of an early date. The poem had in other reſpects ſuffered by the ignorance of tranſcribers, and therefore a few attempts are here made to reſtore the text, by amending ſome corruptions, and removing ſome redundancies; but leſt this freedom ſhould incur cenſure, the former readings are retained in the margin. A farther liberty is alſo taken, what is here given for the concluding line of each ſtanza, ſtood in the former edition divided as two: e. g.

" Of them that were doughty,
" And hardy indeed:"

but they ſeemed moſt naturally to run into one, and the frequent neglect of rhime in the former of them ſeemed to prove that the author intended no ſuch diviſion.

OF all 'the' kene conquerours to carpe is our kinde;
Of fell fighting folke 'a' ferly we finde;
The Turnament of Tottenham have I in minde;
It were harme ſuch hardineſſe were holden behinde.
In ſtory as we reade,
Of Hawkin, of Harry,
Of Timkin, of Terry,
Of them that were doughty, and hardy in deed.

It befell in Tottenham on a deare day,
There was made a ſhurting by the highway:
Thither come all the men of that countray
Of Hiſſelton, of High-gate, and of Hakenay,

And

Ver. 1. theſe. *P. C.* *Ver.* 2. 'a' *not in P. C.*
Ver. 8. indeed. *P. C.*

And all the ſweete ſwinkers:
There hopped Hawkin,
There daunced Dawkin,
There trumped Timkin, and were true drinkers.

'When' the day was gone, and eve-ſong paſt,
That they ſhould reck'n their ſkot, and their counts caſt,
Perkin the potter into the preſſe paſt,
And ſayd, Randill the reve, a daughter thou haſt,
Tibbe thy deare,
Therefore faine weet would I,
Whether theſe fellowes or I,
Or which of all this batchelery
Were the beſt worthy to wed her his fere.

Upſtart the gadlings with their lang ſtaves,
And ſayd, Randill the reve, lo! the ladde raves,
How proudly among us thy daughter he craves,
And we are richer men then he, and more good haves,
Of cattell, and of corne.
* Then ſayd Perkin, I have hight
'To Tibbe in my right
'To be ready to fight, and thoughe it were to morne.

Then

Ver. 17. Till. *P. C.* *Ver.* 25. in his fere, *P. C.*

* *The latter part of this ſtanza ſeemed embaraſſed and redundant, we have therefore ventured to contract it. It ſtood thus;*

Then ſayd Perkin, to Tibbe I have hight
That I will bee alwaies ready in my right,
With a flayle for to fight
This day ſeaven-night, and thought it were to morne.

The two laſt lines ſeem in part to be borrowed from the following ſtanza, where they come in more properly.

Then ſayd Randill the refe, 'Ever' be he waryd
That about this carping lenger would be taryd;
I would not my daughter that ſhe were miskaryd,
But at her moſt worſhip I would ſhe were maryd,
For the turnament ſhall beginne
This day ſeav'n-night,
With a flayle for to fight,
And he, that is moſt of might, ſhall brok her with winne.

He that bear'th him beſt in the turnament,
Shall be graunted the gree, by the common aſſent,
For to winne my daughter with doughtineſſe of dent,
And Copple my brood-hen, that was brought out of Kent,
And my dunned cow:
For no ſpence will I ſpare;
For no cattell will I care;
He ſhall have my gray mare, and my ſpotted ſow.

There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede;
Then they take their leave, and hamward they hede,
And all the weeke after they gayed her wede,
Till it come to the day, that they ſhould do their dede:
They armed them in mattes;
They ſet on their nowlls
Good blacke bowlls,
To keep their powlls from battering of battes.

Ver. 34. Every. *P. C.* *Ver.* 52. her, *i. e. their.* *So alſo V.* 182.

They ſewed hem in ſheepſkinnes, for they ſhould not breſt;
And every ilke of hem a black hatte, inſtead of a creſt,
A baſket or panyer before on their breſt,
And a flayle in their hande, for to fight preſt,
Forthe con they fare.
There was kid mickle force,
Who ſhould beſt fend his corſe;
He, that had no good horſe, borrowed him a mare.

Sich another clothing have I not ſeene oft,
When all the great company riding to the croft,
Tibbe on a gray-mare was ſette up on-loft,
Upon a ſacke-full of ſenvy, for ſhe ſhould ſit ſoft,
And led till the gappe:
Forther would ſhe not than,
For the love of no man,
Till Copple her brood-hen wer brought into her lappe.

A gay girdle Tibbe had borrowed for the nonce;
And a garland on her head full of ruell bones;
And a brouch on her breſt full of ſapphyre ſtones,
The holyroode tokening was written for the nonce;
For no ſpendings 'they had ſpar'd':
When jolly Jenkin wiſt her thare,
He gurd ſo faſt his gray mare,
That ſhe let a fowkin fare at the rere-ward.

I make

Ver. 59. ilken. *P. C.* *Ver.* 65. *Mares were never uſed in Chivalry: It was beneath the dignity of a knight to ride any thing but a ſtallion. V. Memoires de la Chevalerie.*

Ver. 67. *perhaps,* rid into. *Ver.* 78. would they ſpare. *P. C.*

I make a vowe, quoth 'he, my capul' is comen of kinde;
I ſhall fall five in the field, and I my flaile finde.
I make a vowe, quoth Hudde, I ſhall not leve behinde;
May I meet with lyard or bayard the blinde,
I wote I ſhall them grieve.
I make a vowe, quoth Hawkin,
May I meete with Dawkin,
For all his rich kin, his flaile I ſhall him reve.

I make a vow, quoth Gregge, Tibbe thou ſhall ſee
Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree:
I ſhall ſkomfit hem all, for the love of thee,
In what place that I come, they ſhall have doubt of mee;
For I am armd at the full:
In my armes I beare wele
A dough-trough, and a pele,
A ſaddle without a pannele, with a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe, quoth Dudman, and beare me bet about,
I make a vow, they ſhall abye that I finde out,
Have I twice or thrice ridden thorough the rout,
In what place that I come, of me they ſhall ha doubt,
Mine armes bene ſo clere;
I beare a riddle and a rake,
Powder'd with the brenning drake,
And three cantles of a cake, in ilka cornere.

Ver. 82. *Originally it ſtood thus,*
I make a vowe, quoth Tibbe, copple is comen of kinde;
but as this evidently has no connection with the lines that follow the Editor propoſes the above emendations. *Ver.* 98. *Perhaps* 'I ſhall' go downe.

I make a vowe, quoth Tirry, and ſweare by my crede,
Saw thou never young boy forther his body bede;
For when they fight faſteſt, and moſt are in drede,
I ſhall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede:
Then bin mine armes beſt;
I beare a pilch of ermin,
Powderd with a cats ſkinne,
The cheeſe is of perchmine, that ſtond'th on the creſt.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and ſweare by the ſtra,
While I am moſt merry, thou gettſt her not ſwa;
For ſhe is well ſhapen, as light as a rae,
There is no capull in this mile before her will ga:
Shee will me not beguile;
I dare ſoothly ſay,
Shee will be a monday
Fro Hiſſelton to Hacknay, nought other halfe mile.

I make a vow, quoth Perkin, thou carpſt of cold roſt;
I will wirke wiſlier without any boaſt;
Five of the beſt capulls, that are in this hoſt,
I will hem lead away by another coſt;
And then laugh Tibbe,
Wi' loo, boyes, here is hee,
That will fight and not flee,
For I am in my jollity; Ico foorth, Tibbe.

When

Ver. 113. pechmine. *P. C.* *Ver.* 127. We loo. *P. C.*

When they had their oathes made, forth can they 'he'
With flailes, and harniſſe, and trumps made of tre:
There were all the bachelers of that countre;
They were dight in aray, as themſelves would be:
Their banner was full bright,
Of an old rotten fell,
The cheeſe was a plowmell,
And the ſhadow of a bell, quartered with the moone-light.

I wot it was no childrens game, when they togither mette,
When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bette,
And layd on ſtifly, for nothing would they lette,
And fought ferly faſt, till 'theire' horſes ſwette;
And few wordes were ſpoken:
There were flailes all to flatterd,
There were ſhields all to clatterd,
Bowles and diſhes all to batterd, and many heads broken.

There was clenking of cart-ſaddles, and clattering of cannes,
Of fell frekes in the field, broken were their fannes;
Of ſome were the heads broken, of ſome the braine-pannes,
And evill were they beſene, ere they went thance,
With ſwipping of ſwipples:
The ladds were ſo weary for fought,
That they might fight no more on-loft,
But creeped about in the croft, as they were crooked cripples.

Ver. 130. te. *P.C.* *V.* 141. there. *P.C.* *V.* 145. heads there were.

Perkin was ſo weary, that he beganne to lowte,
Help, Hudde, I am dead in this ilk rowte:
An horſe for forty pennys, a good and a ſtowte;
That I may lightly come of mine owne owte;
For no coſt will I ſpare.
He ſtarte up as a ſnaile,
And hent a capull by the taile,
And raught of Daukin his flayle, and wanne him a mare.

Perkin wan five, and Hudde wan twa:
Glad and blithe they were, that they 'had' done ſa:
They would have them to Tibbe, and preſent her with tha:
The capuls were ſo weary, that they might not ga,
But ſtill can they 'ſtonde.'
Alas! quoth Hudde, my joy I leeſe
Mee had lever then a ſtone of cheeſe,
That deare Tibbe had all theſe, and wiſt it were my ſonde.

Perkin turned him about in the ilk throng,
He fought freſhly, for he had reſt him long;
He was ware of Tirry take Tibbe by the hond,
And would have led her away with a love-ſong;
And Perkin after ran,
And off his capull he him drowe,
And gave him of his flayle inowe;
Then te, he! quoth Tibbe, and lowe, ye are a doughty man.
Thus

Ver. 164. would not have. *P. C.* *Ver.* 166. ſtand. *P. C.*

Thus they tugged, and they rugged, till it was nigh night:
All the wives of Tottenham come to ſee that ſight;
To fetch hom their huſbands, that were them trough plight,
With wiſpes and kixes, that was a rich ſight;
Her huſbands home to fetch.
And ſome they had in armes,
That were feeble wretches,
And ſome on wheel-barrowes, and ſome on critches.

They gatherd Perkin about on every ſide,
And grant him there the gree, the more was his pride:
Tib and hee, with great mirth, hameward can ride,
And were all night togither, till the morrow tide;
And to church they went:
So well his needs he has ſped,
That deare Tibbe he ſhall wed;
The cheefemen that her hither lead, were of the turnament.

To the rich feaſt come many for the nonce:
Some come hop-halte, and ſome tripping thither on the ſtones;
Some with a ſtaffe in his hand, and ſome two at once;
Of ſome were the heads broken; of ſome the ſhoulderbones:
With ſorrow come they thither:
Wo was Hawkin; wo was Harry:
Wo was Tymkin; wo was Tirry;
And ſo was all the company, but yet they come togither.

At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich aray;
Every five and five had a cokeney;
And ſo they ſat in jollity all the long day:
Tibbe at night, I trowe, had a ſimple aray;
Mickle mirth was them among:
In every corner of the houſe
Was melody delicious,
For to hear precious of ſix mens ſong.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial anceſtors could wield their ſwords much better than their pens will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by ſome poet laureat of thoſe days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This ſong or hymn is given meerly as a curioſity, and is printed from a MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the muſical notes, which are copied in a ſmall plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for hym wrouzt marveloufly,
Wherfore Englonde may calle, and cry
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He

He ſette a ſege, the ſothe for to ſay,
To Harflu toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce ſhall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oſte,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenſhe boſte;
He ſpared no drede of leſte, ne moſt,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coſte.
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for ſothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God moſt myzty
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and ſlayne, and that wel ſone,
And ſome were ledde in to Lundone
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he ſave owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef hym gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe ſavely ſynge,
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The ſentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taſte, notwithſtanding the ruſt of antiquity, which obſcures the ſtyle and expreſſion. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's HENRY AND EMMA, *this ought to preſerve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in a more correct manner, than almoſt any other Poem in theſe volumes, is owing to the great care and exactneſs of the accurate Editor of the* PROLUSIONS 8vo. 1760; *who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book ſuppoſed to be firſt printed about* 1521. *From the correct copy in the Proluſions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book * preſerved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various reading of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the* Proluſions *will ſhew where they occur. It does honour to the critical ſagacity of that gentleman, that almoſt all his conjectural readings, are found to be the eſtabliſhed ones of this edition. In our ancient folio MS. deſcribed in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one line that will be found in its due place.*

It has been a much eaſier taſk to ſettle the text of this poem, than to aſcertain its date. Mat. Prior publiſhed it in the folio edition of his poems, 1718, *as then "* 300 *years old." In making this deciſion he was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whoſe judgment in matters of this nature was moſt conſummate. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of*

* This (which a learned friend ſuppoſes to be the firſt Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf; the Song begins at folio 75.

of Prior's, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum [*Harl. MSS.* N° 3777.] *The Editor of the Proluſions thinks it cannot be older than the year* 1500, *becauſe in Sir Thomas More's tale of* THE SERJEANT &c. *which was written about that time, there appears a ſameneſs of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phraſes with thoſe of this ballad. But this reaſoning is not concluſive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the ſameneſs of meaſure, and in ſome reſpect for that of words and phraſes, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of moſt books to the ſtandard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inſerted it among his hiſtorical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at leaſt he would have been apt to have named its author. But to ſhew how little can be inferred from a reſemblance of rhythmus or ſtyle, the editor of theſe volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Flodden-field, written in the ſame numbers, with the ſame alliterations, and in orthography, phraſeology and ſtyle nearly reſembling the Viſions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been compoſed above* 160 *years before that battle. As this poem is a great curioſity, we ſhall give a few of the introductory lines,*

" *Grant gracious God, grant me this time,*
" *That I may 'say, or I ceaſe, thy ſelven to pleaſe;*
" *And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;*
" *And all the ſeemlie ſaints, that ſitten in heaven;*
" *I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,*
" *That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;*
" *Henry the ſeventh, that ſoveraigne lord,* &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad we have taken a middle courſe, neither placed it ſo high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite ſo low as the editor of the Proluſions: we ſhould have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE

BE it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among
On women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour ſpent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne
Yet, yf a newe do them perſue,
Theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banyſhed man.

I ſay nat, nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and ſayd
That womans fayth is, as who ſayth,
All utterly decayd:
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe
In this caſe myght be layd,
That they love true, and continùe:
Recorde the not-browne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than

Ver. 2. Woman. *Proluſions.* *Ver.* 11. her, *i. e. their.*

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll alſo
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me anſwère;
Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
" I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus ſtandeth the caſe,
I am a banyſhed man.

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtying to ſhewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll uſe
(To theyr owne ſhame) women to blame,
And cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe,
All women to excuſe,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do
Wherof grete harme ſhall growe:
My deſtiny is for to dy
A ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one muſt be;
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

O lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe,
That chaungeth as the mone!
My ſomers day in luſty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay,
We départ nat ſo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to ſorowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 63. The ſomers. *Prol.*

HE.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve,
And ſomwhat you dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me
The ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye ſhall me fynde:
Syth it is ſo, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be ſayd, the not-browne mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy', for ſo am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 91. Shall it never. *Prol.* *Ver.* 94. Although. *Prol.*

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and ſay:
Of yonge, and olde it ſhall be tolde,
That ye be gone away;
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode yon to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a baniſhed man.

SHE.

Though it be ſonge of old and yonge,
That I ſholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that ſpeke ſo large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe,
To part with you, the ſame;
And ſure all tho, that do not ſo,
True lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 117. To ſhewe all. *Pro!*

He.

I counceyle you, remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus muſt you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

She.

I thinke nat, nay, but as ye ſay,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me, for your ſake,
As I have ſayd before
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote
To gete us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company
May have, I aſke no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He.

Ver. 133. I ſay nat, *Prol.* *Ver.* 138. and ſtore. *Camb. copy.*

HE

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What reſcous coude ye fynde?
Forſoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede,
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to ſave; as woman have
From deth 'men' many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 150. ſocours. *Prol.* *Ver.* 162. and night. *Camb. Copy.*
Ver. 164. To helpe ye with my myght. *Prol.*

He.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
We muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other roſe
But a brake buſh, or twayne:
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

She.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo
Endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one plesùre;
And, ſhortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche
That we were ſone agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 174. Ye muſt. *Prol.* *Ver.* 190. ſhortley gone. *Prol.*

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye muſt conſyder,
Whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
Ne ſhetés clene to lye betwene,
Maden of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte ſwete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch a archére,
As men ſay that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is ſo grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full ſwete to me;
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele
Endure, as ye ſhall ſee:
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 196. Neyther bere. *Prol.* *Ver.* 207. May *ye* nat fayle. *Prol.*

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande
Your enemyes, yf nede be:
And this ſame nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it ſhortely as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To ſhorte my here, a bowe to bere,
To ſhote in tyme of nede.
O my ſwete mother, before all other
For you I have moſt drede:
But nowe, adue! I muſt enſue,
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now let us fle;
The day cometh faſt upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 219. above your ere. *Prol.* *Ver.* 220. above the kne. *Prol.*
Ver. 223. the ſame. *Prol.*

HE.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhall nat go,
And I ſhall tell ye why,——
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele eſpy:
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me,
In lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwére whoſoever it were,
In way of company.
It is ſayd of olde, Sone hote, ſone colde;
And ſo is a womàn.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyſned man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of aunceſtry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A ſquyer of lowe degré;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall;
To dy therfore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 251. For I muſt to the grene wode go. *Prol.* *Ver.* 253. yet is. *Camb. Copy. Perhaps for* yt is. *Ver.* 262. dy with him. *Editor's MS.*

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a curſed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore ſquyère
Alone to foreſt yede,
Than ye ſholde ſay another day
That, by my curſed dede
Ye were betrayd: Wherfore, good mayd,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye ſayd,
Be ſo unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the not-browne mayd.
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 278. outbrayd. *Prol.* *Ver.* 282. ye be as. *Prol.*
Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. *Prol.*

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent;
For in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wy'l go
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one;'
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver 310. *So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,*
Yet wolde I be that one.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I ſe the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The beſt that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad,
The caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyſhed man.

SHE.

Theſe tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure:
But it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke
The wordés on the ſplene.
Ye ſhape ſome wyle me to begyle,
And ſtele from me, I wene:
Than, were the caſe worſe than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 315. of all. *Prol.* *Ver.* 325. gladder, *Prol.*

HE.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede;
I wyll nat dyſparage
You, (God defend!) ſyth ye deſcend
Of ſo grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrſtande; to Weſtmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As ſhortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys ſon,
And not a banyſhed man."

AUTHOR.

" Here may ye ſe, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which ſometyme proveth ſuch, as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For ſyth men wolde that women ſholde
Be meke to them each one;
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And ſerve but hym alone.

Ver. 340. grete lynyage. *Prol.* *Ver.* 347. Then have. *Prol.*
Ver. 348. And no banyſhed. *Prol.* *V.* 352. *This line wanting in Prol.*
V. 355. proved—loved. *Prol. Ib.* as loveth. *Camb. V.* 357. Forſoth. *Prol.*

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the lively Editor of the Catal. of Noble Authors, intereſts us in whatever fell from his pen. It is preſumed therefore that the inſertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it ſhould not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only tranſlations. And if we conſider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret caſtle a ſhort time before his execution in 1483, *it gives us a fine picture of the compoſure and ſteadineſs with which this ſtout earl beheld his approaching fate.*

The verſes are preſerved by ROUSE *a contemporary hiſtorian, who ſeems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing.* In tempore, *ſays this writer,* incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monſtratum eſt, quod ſubſequitur ſub his verbis: Sum what muſyng &c. "Roſſi Hiſt. 8vo 2 Edit. p. 213." *The 2d Stanza is, notwithſtanding, imperfect, and we have inſerted aſteriſks, to denote the defect.*

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in ſtanzas of eight ſhort lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721. *pag.* 555. *beginning thus,*

" *Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,*
" *And ſore ſighyng, All deſolate.*
" *Me remembrying Of my livyng*
" *My death wiſhyng Bothe erly and late.*

" *Infortunate Is ſo my fate,*
" *That wote ye what, Out of meſure*
" *My life I hate; Thus deſperate*
" *In ſuch pore eſtate, Doe I endure, &c.*"

SUM-

SUMWHAT muſyng, and more mornyng,
In remembring the unſtydfaſtnes;
This world being of ſuch whelyng,
Me contrarieng, what may I geſſe?

I fere dowtles, remediles,
Is now to ſeſe my wofull chaunce.
Lo 'is' this traunce now in ſubſtaunce,
* * * * * ſuch is my dawnce.

Wyllyng to dye, me thynkys truly
Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content:
Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
Hytt is ny ſpent. Welcome fortune!
But I ne went thus to be ſhent,
But ſho hit ment, ſuch is hur won.

Ver. 7. in this. *Roſſi Hiſt.*
Ver. 15. went, *i. e. weened.*

VIII.

CUPID's ASSAULT: BY NICH. LORD VAUX.

The Reader will obſerve that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS *and* VAUX, *tho' almoſt contemporaries. Sir Nicholas (afterwards lord) Vaux was a ſhining ornament in the court of Henry VII. and died in the year* 1523. *See the ballad,* I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE, *in the next volume.*

The following piece (printed from Surrey's poems, 1559. 4*to) is attributed to lord Vaux by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poeſie,* 1589. 4*to." Take the paſſage at large. "In "this figure [Counterfait Action] the lord Nicholas Vaux, "a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, "and a man otherwiſe of no great learning, but having "herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie repreſenting the "Battayle and Aſſault of Cupide, ſo excellently well, as for "the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every "part, I cannot chooſe but ſet downe the greateſt part of his "ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended.* WHEN CUPID "SCALED, *&c.*" *p.* 200.———*For a farther account of this ancient peer and poet ſee Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. vol.* 1. Vide p. 335. 336. of the Corrections at the End of Vol: 3. of this Collection.

WHEN Cupide ſcaled fyrſt the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded ſore;
The battery was of ſuch a ſort,
That I muſt yelde or dye therfore.

There ſaw I Love upon the wall,
How he is banner did diſplay.
Alarme, alarme, he gan to cal,
And bade his ſouldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupyde bare,
  Wer pearced hartes with teares beſprent,
In ſilver and ſable to declare
  The ſtedfaſt love, he alwaies ment.

There myght you ſee his band al dreſt
  In colours lyke to white and blacke,
With powder and with pellets preſt
  To bring the fort to ſpoyle and ſacke.

Good-wil, the maiſter of the ſhot,
  Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For ſpence of powder he ſpared not
  Aſſault! aſſault! to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore;
  Eche piece diſcharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
  In any place wheras they toke.

And even with the trumpets ſowne
  The ſcaling ladders wer up ſet,
And Beauty walked up and downe,
  With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then firſt Deſire began to ſcale,
  And ſhrouded him under his targe;
As one the worthieſt of them al,
  And apteſt for to geve the charge.

Then puſhed ſouldiers with their pykes,
And halberders with handy ſtrokes;
The argabuſhe in fleſhe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with miſty ſmokes.

And as it is 'now' ſouldiers uſe
When ſhot and powder gyns to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my livès grant.

When Fanſy thus had made her breache,
And Beauty entred with her bande,
With bag and baggage, ſely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blow retrete,
And every ſouldiour to retyre,
And Mercy 'milde' with ſpede to fet
Me captive bound as priſoner.

Madame, quod I, ſith that this day
Hath ſerved you at all aſſayes,
I yelde to you without delay
Here of the fortreſſe all the kayes:

And ſith that I have ben the marke,
At whom you ſhot at with your eye;
Nedes muſt you with your handy warke
Or ſalve my ſore, or let me die.

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS, with a few conjectural emendations, and the inſertion of 3 or 4 ſtanzas to ſupply defects in the original copy.

OUR kyng he kept a falſe ſtewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falſer ſteward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worſhippe to betraye:
Our queene ſhee was a good womàn,
And evermore ſayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyſe,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
And on the queenes bed him layne.

Lye ſtill, lazàr, wheras thou lyeſt,
Looke thou go not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a ſound
In two howers of the day."

Then went him forth ſir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
" If I might have grace, as I have ſpace,
" Sad tydings I could bring."

Saye on, ſaye on, ſir Aldingar,
Saye on the ſoothe to mee.
" Our queene hath choſen a new new love,
" And ſhee will have none of thee.

" If ſhee had choſen a right good knight,
" The leſſe had beene her ſhame;
" But ſhe hath choſe her a lazar man,
" A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, ſir Aldingar,
The tydings thou telleſt to me,
Then I will make thee a riche riche knight,
Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be falſe, ſir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy bodye, I ſweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king Henrye ſayd,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou wert a man, as thou art none,
Here on my ſword thouſt dye;
But a payre of new gallowes ſhall now be built,
And there ſhalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyſse,
And an angry man was hee;
And ſoone he found queene Elinore,
That bride ſo bright of blee.

Now God you ſave, our queene, madame,
And Chriſt you ſave and ſee;
Heere you have choſen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

If you had choſen a right good knight,
The leſſe had been your ſhame:
But you have choſe you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there ſhall be built
And brent all ſhalt thou bee.——
Now out alacke! ſayd our comlye queene,
Sir Aldingar's falſe to mee.

Now out alacke! ſayd our comlye queene,
My heart with griefe will braſt.
I had thought ſwevens had never beene true;
I have proved them true at laſt.

I dreamt a ſweven on thurſday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beaſt
Had carried my crowne awaye;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere:
And he wolde worrye me with his tuſh
And to his neſt y-beare:

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did ſtrike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.——

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wolde I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I caſt my glove.

But ſeeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

" Now forty dayes I will give thee
To ſeeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it muſt brenn."

Then ſhee ſent eaſt, and ſhee ſent weſt,
By north and ſouth bedeene:
But never a champion colde ſhe find,
Wolde fight with that knight ſoe keene.

Now twenty dayes were ſpent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare ſhed our comelye queene,
And aye her hart was ſad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
" Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I truſt yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the ſame me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I ſome helpe may finde."

Then forth ſhe rode on a faire palfràye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde ſhe finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight ſo ſtout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene muſt dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When ſhe found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the ſalt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as ſhe rode by a rivers ſide,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye ſhe mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He ſeemed noe more in mans likenèſſe,
Then a child of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damſelle faire, he ſayd,
And what doth cauſe you moane?
The damſell ſcant wolde deigne a looke
But faſt ſhe pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyeſt, boote is nyeſt,
Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what ſhe dreamt
In her bedd, wheras ſhee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beaſt
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,
And ſaved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cauſe.

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when ſhe told her gracious dame
A gladd womàn was ſhee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares ſtood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a ſtake was made of tree;
And now queene Elinore forth was led,
A ſorrowful ſight to ſee.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times ſpake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or ſhee muſt dye.

No knight ſtood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinore ſhe muſt dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white ſteed,
The tinye boye they ſee.

"Away with that ſtake, away with thoſe brands,
And looſe our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with ſir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then ſtood ſir Aldingar,
But when he ſaw the chylde,
He laughed, and ſcoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I truſt that I ſhall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am ſo ſmall to ſee.

The boye pulld forth a well good ſworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The firſt ſtroke ſtricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

Stand up, ſtand up, thou falſe traitòre,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thriveſt, as thou beginneſt,
Of height wee ſhal be meete.

A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingàr,
While I am a man alive.
A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingàr,
Me for to houzle and ſhrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene
Bot ſhee wolde never conſent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
Theſe tidings ſore to tell.
But ever alacke! ſayes Aldingar,
Falſing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The ſhort time I muſt live.
Nowe Chriſt forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harrye,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Chriſtentye,
A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claſpe his queene,
And looſed her full ſone:
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
——The boye was vaniſht and gone.

But firſt he had touchd the lazar man,
And ſtroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and ſounde did ſtand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, ſtraight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head ſtewàrde
To wayte withinn his hall.

* * *

X.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a diſgraced miniſter to be forſaken by his friends, and inſulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconſtant multitude. We have here a ſpurn at fallen greatneſs from ſome angry partiſan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loſs of their craft. The ballad ſeems to have been compoſed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower Jun. 11. 1540, *and that of his being beheaded July* 28, *following. A ſhort interval! but Henry's paſſion for Catharine Howard would*

admit no delay. Notwithſtanding our libeller, Cromwell had excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obſequiouſneſs to the arbitrary WILL *of his maſter; but let it be conſidered that this maſter had raiſed him from obſcurity, and that the high-born nobility had ſhewn him the way in every kind of mean and ſervile compliance.*——*The original copy printed at London in* 1540, *is intitled "A newe "ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called* TROLLE ON "AWAY." *To it is prefixed this diſtich by way of burthen,*

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that falſe traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
Now that he is ſet to learne to ſpell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune loky'd the in thy face,
Thou haddyſt fayre tyme, but thou lackydyſt grace;
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydſt a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyſt,
Thou lockydſt them vp where no man wyſt,
Tyll in the kynges treaſoure ſuche thinges were myſt.
Synge, &c.

Both cruſt and crumme came thorowe thy handes,
Thy marchaundyſe ſayled over the ſandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde faſt in bandes.
Synge, &c.

when it was as fashionable for the polite Clergy to scoff at & abuse their Brethren, & all of them to be malbreated by the Laity, as it is now, by this most worthy Vicar-General, one of the vilest Tools of the Lust, Fury & Inhumanity of that infernal Beast as Swift very justly calls him, Henry 8. No Wonder

Fyrſte when kynge Henry, God ſaue his grace!
Perceyud myſchefe kyndlyd in thy face,
Then it was tyme to purchaſe the a place.
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys ſeruyture,
But thou, as a wretche, ſuche thinges dyd procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, falſe heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou haſt bene ſo long a ſcyſmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyſt not learne to knowe theſe thre,
But euer was full of iniquite;
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,
Agaynſt the churche thou baddeſt them ſtycke,
Wherfore nowe thou haſte touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

Bothe ſacramentes and ſacramentalles
Thou woldyſt not ſuffre within thy walles;
Nor let vs praye for all chryſten ſoules.
Synge, &c.

before that some angry Partisan
declining Popery, if it needs must be such, Of
not rather one of the poor Sufferers under so cruel
Tyrant, who had not the opportunities we of this
lightened Age enjoy, of professing & believing just
at we think convenient, took it into his Head to
t his Presentment against so odious a Character,

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syſchemell,
Or elſe ſent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldeſt neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
And nowe haſte thou trodden thy ſhoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

Who-ſo-euer dyd winne thou wolde not loſe,
Wherfore al Englande doth hate the as I ſuppoſe,
Bycauſe thou waſt falſe to the redolent roſe.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghteſt haue learned thy cloth to flocke,
Upon thy greſy fullers ſtocke;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet ſaue that ſoule, that God hath bought,
And for thy tarcas care thou nought,
Let it ſuffre payne, as it hath wrought.
Synge, &c.

God ſaue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
With all hys lordes of great honoure.
Synge trolle on awaye, ſyng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

however cherished & managed by the Policies of
these refined Times. I fancy however, if his Talen
were properly exerted even now, in taking away Gli
& Tithes that remain, the Downfall of Diana & Lyf
of the Craft would be no more forgiven now than

XI.

HARPALUS.

An ancient English Pastoral.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes *of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by* uncertain auctours. *These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.*

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherd's calendar **, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHILLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
Aad Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

But

* *First published in 1579.*

then. The right way to judge in these Cases is bring the Times & Affairs Home to our own Selves

But Phillida was al tò coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forſt her not a pinne.

How often woold ſhe flowers twine?
How often garlants make
Of couſlips and of culumbine?
And al for Corin's ſake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was loſt;
For he was fartheſt from her thought,
And yet he loved her moſt.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay:
His fleſhe it was conſumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhave;
His heare hong al unkempt:
A man moſt fit even for the grave,
Whom ſpiteful love had ſhent.

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;
His face beſprent with teares:
It ſeemed unhap had him long hatcht,
In middes of his diſpaires.

His clothes were blacke, and alſo bare;
As one forlorne was hee;
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreathe of willowe tree.

His beaſtes he kept upon the hill,
And he ſate in the dale;
And thus with ſighes and ſorrows ſhrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he ſay;
Unhappieſt under ſunne!
The cauſe of thine unhappie day,
By love was firſt begunne.

For thou weneſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke
A tygre to make tame,
That ſettes not by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As eaſy it were for to converte
The froſt into a flame;
As for to turne a frowarde herte,
Whom thou ſo faine wouldeſt frame.

Corin he liveth carèleſſe:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the fruites of thy redreſſe:
Thou reapeſt, he takes the ſheaves.

My beaſtes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans ſounde:
Whom ſpitefull love, alas! hath ſlaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beaſtès wilde,
That here your paſture takes:
I ſee that ye bé not beguilde
Of theeſe your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke harde by the doe:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her ſo.

The ewe ſhe hath by her the ramme:
The yong cowe hath the bulle:
The calfe with many a luſty lambe
Do feede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, ſo faire:
For I may ſay that I have bought
Thy beauty all tò deare.

What reaſon is that cruelty
With beauty ſhould have part?
Or els that ſuch great tiranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I ſe therefore to ſhape my deathe
She cruelly is preſt;
To th'end that I may want my breathe:
My dayes ben at the beſt.

O Cupide, graunt this my requeſt,
And do not ſtoppe thine eares;
That ſhee may feele within her breſte
The paines of my diſpaires:

Of Corin 'whoe' is carèlëſſe,
That ſhe may crave her fee:
As I have done in greate diſtreſſe,
That lovd her faithfullye.

But ſince that I ſhal die her ſlave;
Her ſlave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my friendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
"By cruell love now ſlaine:
"Whom Phillida unjuſtly thus,
"Hath murdred with diſdaine."

Corin he liveth carèleſſe:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the fruites of thy redreſſe:
Thou reapeſt, he takes the ſheaves.

My beaſtes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans ſounde:
Whom ſpitefull love, alas! hath ſlaine,
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O happie be ye, beaſtès wilde,
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That ſhe may crave her fee:
As I have done in greate diſtreſſe,
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But ſince that I ſhal die her ſlave;
Her ſlave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my friendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
" By cruell love now ſlaine:
" Whom Phillida unjuſtly thus,
" Hath murdred with diſdaine."

XII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

An ancient Scottish Pastoral.

The palm of paſtoral poeſy is here conteſted by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The reader will decide their reſpective merits. The author of this poem has one advantage over his rival, in having his name handed down to us. Mr. Robert Henryson *(to whom we are indebted for it) appears to ſo much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are ſorry we can give no better account of him, than what is contained in the following eloge, writ by W. Dunbar, a Scottiſh poet, who lived about the middle of the* 16*th century:*

" *In Dumferling, he* [*death*] *hath tane Broun,*
" *With gude Mr. Robert Henryſon.*"

In Ramſey's Evergreen, *Vol. I. whence this diſtich, and the following beautiful poem are extracted, are preſerved two other little Doric pieces, by Henryſon; the one intitled* The Lyon and the Mouse; *the other,* The garment of gude Ladyis.

Robin ſat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of ſie,
Quhen mirry Makyne ſaid him till,
" O Robin rew on me.
" I haif three luivt baith loud and ſtill,
" Thir towmonds twa or thre:
" My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
" Doubtleſs bot dreid I die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my ſheip undir yon wod:
Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me ſchaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law.

" The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
" Tak thair an A, B, C;
" Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
" Wyſe, hardy, kind and frie,
" Sae that nae danger do the deir,
" What dule in dern thou drie;
" Preſs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
" Be patient and privie."

Robin, he anſwert her again,
I wat not quhat is luve,
But I haif marvel uncertain
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
My ſheep gais hail abuve,
Gif we ſould pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve.

" Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
" And do all as I reid;
" And thou ſall haif my heart all hale,
" Eik and my maiden-heid:
" Sen God, he ſends bute for bale,
" And for murning remeid,
" I dern with thee but give I dale,
" Doubtleſs I am but deid."

Makyne, the morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my ſheip may gang beſyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Ffae thay begin to ſteir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

" Robin, thou reivs me of my reſt;
" I luve but thee alane."
Makyne, adieu! the ſun goes weſt,
The day is neir-hand gane.
" Robin, in dule I am ſo dreſt,
" That luve will be my bane."
Makyne, gae luve quhair eir ye liſt,
For lemans I luid nane.

" Robin

" Robin, I ſtand in ſic a ſtyle,
" I ſich and that full ſair."
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle,
At hame I wiſh I were.
" Robin, my hinny, talk and ſmyle,
" Gif thou will do nae mair."
Makyne, ſom other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to ſee.
Robin he brayd attowre he bent;
Then Makyne cried on hie,
" Now may thou ſing, for I am ſhent!
" Quhat can ail luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale
Aſſemblit all his ſheip.
Be that ſome part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir faſt he followt to aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it ſall be thyne,
Withoutten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My ſheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
Will miſter nae keiping.

"Robin, thou haſt heard ſung and ſay,
"In jeſts and ſtorys auld,
"The man that will not when he may,
"Sall have nocht when he wald.
"I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
"Be eikd their cares ſae cauld,
"That preſſes firſt with thee to play
"Be forreſt, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir hand by,
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us eſpy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therein, Makyne, baith you and I
Unſeen may mak repair.

"Robin,

" Robin, that warld is now away,
" And quyt brocht till an end,
" And neir again thereto perfay,
" Sall it be as thou wend;
" For of my pain thou made but play,
" I words in vain did ſpend;
" As thou haſt done ſae ſall I ſay,
" Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is ſet;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
Quhat grace ſo eir I get.
" Robin, with thee I will not deal;
" Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair,
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho ſang, and he ſicht ſair:
Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the ruſhy gair.

XIII.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The ſcene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walſingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it poſſeſſed. Eraſmus has given a very exact and humorous deſcription of the ſuperſtitions practiſed there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, *in his colloquy, intitled,* PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. *He tells us, the rich offerings in ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones, that were there ſhewn him, were incredible, there being ſcarce a perſon of any note in England, but what ſome time or other paid a viſit, or ſent a preſent to* OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM. *At the diſſolution of the monaſteries in* 1538, *this ſplendid image, with another from Ipſwich, was carried to Chelſea,† and there burnt in the preſence of commiſſioners; who, we truſt, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly ſuffered by the hand of time; but veſtiges of ſeveral of the lines remaining, ſome conjectural ſupplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactneſs are in this one ballad diſtinguiſhed by italicks.

GEntle herdſman, tell to me,
Of curteſy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walſingham
Which is the right and ready way.

† I was lately informed that the identical Image of our Lady of Walsingham, being mured up in an old Unto wall, & there discovered on pulling it down, was presented by the late Earl of Leicester [E. Coke] to a Relation of his, a Lady of the Roman Catholic Religion.

" Unto the towne of Walſingham
" The way is hard for to be gone;
" And verry crooked are thoſe pathes
" For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thriſe,
And the way never ſoe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence;
Itt is ſoe grievous and ſoe ill.

" Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
" Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
" Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
" For to committ ſo great a ſinne."

Yes, herdſman, yes, ſoe woldſt thou ſay,
If thou kneweſt ſoe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the reſt,
Have well deſerved for to dye.

I am not what I ſeeme to bee,
My clothes, and ſexe doe differ farr,
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irkſome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Moſt dearely I bewail him ſtill.

He

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more ſincere colde bee;
Of comelye mien and ſhape he was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

When thus I ſaw he loved me well,
I grewe ſo proude his paine to ſee,
That I, who did not know myſelfe,
Thought ſcorne of ſuch a youth as hee.

And grew ſoe coy and nice to pleaſe,
As womens lookes are often ſoe,
He might not kiſes, nor hand forſooth,
Unleſſe I willed him ſoe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To ſee I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a ſecrett place,
And there hee dyed without releeffe.

And for his ſake theſe weedes I weare,
And ſacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I faſt and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to ſome ſecrett place,
For ſoe did hee, and ſoe will I.

Now,

Now, gentle herdſman, aſke no more,
But keepe my ſecretts I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walſingham
Show me the right and readye way.

" Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
" For he muſt ever guide thee ſtill:
" Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
" And ſoe, faire Pilgrim, fare thee well!"

XIV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a ſtory of great fame among our anceſtors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4*to*, *ſeems to ſpeak of it, as a real fact.—Deſcribing that vicious mode of ſpeech, which the Greeks called* ACYRON, *i. e.* " *When we uſe a dark and obſcure word, utterly repugnant to that we would expreſs;*" *he adds,* " *Such manner of un-*
" *couth ſpeech did the Tanner of Tamworth uſe to king Ed-*
" *ward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while*
" *miſtaken him, and uſed very broad talke with him, at*
" *length, perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was*
" *afraide he ſhould be puniſhed for it,* [*and*] *ſaid thus, with*
" *a certaine rude repentance,*

" I hope I ſhall be hanged to-morrow,

" *for* [I feare me] I ſhall be hanged, *whereat the king*
" *laughed a good, not only to ſee the Tanners vaine*
" *feare, but alſo to heare his illſhapen terme; and gave*
" *him*

" *him for recompence of his good ſport, the inheritance of*
" *Plumpton-parke.* I AM AFFRAID," *concludes this ſagacious writer,* " THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE
" MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME
" TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD," p. 214.—*The phraſe, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at preſent, but occurs with ſome variation in the older poem, intitled* JOHN THE REEVE, *deſcribed in the former volume,* p. 179, *viz.*

" *Nay, ſayd John, by Gods grace,*
" *And Edward wer in this place,*
" *Hee ſhold not touch this tonne:*
" *Hee wold be wroth with John* I HOPE,
" *Thereffore I beſhrew the ſoupe,*
" *That in his mouth ſhold come.*" *Pt.* 2. *ſt.* 24.

The following text is ſelected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, " *A merrie, pleaſant, and delectable hiſtorie betweene K. Edward* " *the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed* " *at London, by John Danter,* 1596." *This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was publiſhed; but many veſtiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (tho' more recently printed,) in one ſheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.*

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow greene,
And bloſſoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some paſtime for to ſee.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Baſſet he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruſſet coat the tanner had on
Faſt buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four ſhillìng.

Nowe ſtand you ſtill, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood ſpraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will ſaye.

God ſpeede, God ſpeede thee, ſaid our king.
Thou art welcome, ſir, ſayd hee.
" The readyeſt waye to Drayton Baſſet
I praye thee to ſhewe to mee."

" To Drayton Baſſet woldſt thou goe,
Fro the place where thou doſt ſtand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comeſt unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, ſayd our king,
Thou doeſt but jeſt I ſee:
Nowe ſhewe me out the neareſt waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye

waye with a vengeaunce! quoth the tanner:
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am faſting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Baſſet,
No daynties we will ſpare;
All daye ſhalt thou eate and drinke of the beſt,
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payeſt no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purſe,
Than thou haſt pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, ſayd the king,
And ſend them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee ſayde, thou fine fellòwe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes, thou weareſt upon thy backe,
Might beſeeme a lord to weare.

I never ſtole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, ſir, by the roode.
"Then thou playeſt, as many an unthrift doth,
And ſtandeſt in midds of thy goode."

What

What tydinges heare you, ſayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?
"I heare no tydinges, ſir, by the maſſe,
But that cowehides are deare."

"Cowe hides! cowe hides! what things are thoſe?
I marvell what they bee?"
What thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee."

What craftſman art thou, ſaid the king,
I praye thee tell me, trowe.
"I am a barker, ſir, by my trade,
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, ſir, quoth he,
That am forth of ſervice worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentiſe bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forefend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentiſe were:
Thou woldſt ſpend more good than I ſhold winne
By fortye ſhilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, ſayd our king,
If thou wilt not ſeeme ſtrange:
Thoughe my horſe be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

" Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will haye ſome boot of three."

That were againſt reaſon, ſayd the king,
I ſweare ſo mote I thee:
My horſe is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayſt ſee.

" Yea, ſir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And ſoftly ſhe will fare:
Thy horſe is unrulye and wild, I wiſs;
Aye ſkipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have, our king reply'd?
Now tell me in this ſtound.
" Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold ſo round."

" Here's twentye groates of white moneyè
Sith thou will have it of mee."
I would have ſworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadſt not had one penniè.

But ſince we two have made a change,
A change we muſt abide,
Although thou haſt gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou getteſt not my cowe hide.

I will

I will not have it, ſayd the kynge,
I ſweare, ſo mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldſt give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe hide,
That of the cow was hilt,
And threwe it upon the king's ſadèlle,
That was ſoe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
Sheel ſay I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
The tanner a f * * lett fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, ſayd the king,
Thy courteſye is but ſmall.

When the tanner he was in the kinges ſadèlle,
And his foote in the ſtirrup was:
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or braſs.

But when his ſteede ſaw the cows taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne:
He ſtampt, and ſtared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he ſweat,
And held by the pummil faſt:
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye braſt.

Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſayd,
With mee he ſhall not byde.
"My horſe wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldſt change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have ſome boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this ſtounde?
"Noe pence nor halfpence, ſir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purſe;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will ſpend
Together at the wine."

The king ſet a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and ſhrille:
And ſoone came lords, and ſoone came knights,
Faſt ryding over the hille.

Now

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I ſawe this daye!
Thou art a ſtrong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I ſweare, ſoe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And ſoone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller*, here: ſayd the king,
A coller he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene ſo nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner, he ſayd,
I trowe it will breed ſorrowe:
After a coller comes a halter,
And I ſhall be hanged to-morrowe.

* *A collar was anciently uſed in the ceremony of conferring knighthood.*

" Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the ſport thou haſt ſhewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou ſhalt weare,
But thou ſhalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beſide:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide."

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour, which thou haſt ſhowne:
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather ſhall clout thy ſhoen.

XV.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Travelle

The ſcene of this ſong is the ſame, as in num. XIII. T pilgrimage to Walſingham ſuggeſted the plan of many po lar pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, *is a k of Interlude in the old ballad ſtyle, of which the firſt ſta alone is worth reprinting,*

As I went to Walſingham,
To the ſhrine with ſpeede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.

Now God you ſave, you jolly palmer!
" Welcome, lady gay,
" Oft have I ſued to thee for love."
—Oft have I ſaid you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other ſhrine than that of Venus.

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's " Knt. of the burning peſtle," Act. 2. ſc. ult. and, in another old play, called, " Hans Beer-pot, his inviſible Comedy &c." 4to, 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenſtone from an ancient MS, which being imperfect was ſupplied by him with a concluding ſtanza.

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN *&c. thus early in the volume, upon a preſumption that they muſt have been written, if not before the diſſolution of the monaſteries, yet while the remembrance of them was freſh in the minds of the people.*

AS ye came from the holy land
Of 'bleſſed' Walſingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

" How ſhould I know your true love,
" That have met many a one,
" As I came from the holy land,
" That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white *, nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

* *ſc. pale.*

" Such an one did I meet, good ſir,
" With an angelicke face?
" Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard
" Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: ſhe hath cleane forſaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who ſome time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

" What is the cauſe ſhe leaves thee thus,
" And a new way doth take,
" That ſome time loved thee as her life,
" And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now as you ſee;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a careleſſe childe,
Forgetting promiſe paſt:
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he liſt;
His faith is never faſt.

His 'fond' deſire is fickle found,
And yieldes a truſtleſſe joye:
Wonne with a world of toil and care,
And loſt ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abuſde,
Beneathe which many vaine deſires,
And follyes are excuſde.

'But true love is a laſting fire,
'Which viewleſs veſtals * tend,
'That burnes for ever in the ſoule,
'And knowes nor change, nor end.'

***

* *ſc. Angels*

XVI.

HARDYKNUTE.

A Scottish Fragment.

As this fine morſel of heroic poetry hath generally paſt for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earlieſt pieces; that ſuch as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reaſon to ſuſpect, that moſt of its beauties are of modern date; and that theſe at leaſt (if not its whole exiſtence) have flowed from the pen of a lady, within this preſent century. The following particulars may be depended on.

One Mrs. Wardlaw, whoſe maiden name was Halket (aunt of the late ſir Peter Halket of Pit-ferran in Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Bradock in 1755) pretended ſhe had found this poem, written on ſhreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A ſuſpicion aroſe that it was her own compoſition. Some able judges aſſerted it be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be ſo. Being deſired to ſhew an additional ſtanza, as a proof of this, ſhe produced the three laſt beginning with "Loud and ſchrill, &c." *which were not in the copy that was firſt printed. The late Lord Preſident Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord Juſtice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publiſhing the firſt Edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720.—This account is tranſmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed rank, learning and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompſon, the Scottiſh muſician, who publiſhed the* ORPHEUS CALIDONIUS, 1733, 2 *vols.* 8*vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy: before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.*

STately ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy zeirs he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin zeirs of reſt.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy ficht with ſword in hand
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her midle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puſt up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht.
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horſe, to horſe, my ryal liege,
Zours faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
The king of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cryd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſters arm,
"Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid zour king frae harm."

Then reid reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That treis in grene wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt that ſummers morn,
Quhen low down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir ſounds in peace,
We haif other ſport to byde.
And ſune they heyd them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſyde.

"Late late the zeſtrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
But now that Norſe dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.

"Robin

" Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ſchute ſae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale.
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorlands ferſs heir.

" Malcom, licht of fute as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſchield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,
(And tuke hir by the hand,)
Fairer to me in age zou ſeim,
Than maids for bewtie famd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted bowirs."

And firſt ſcho wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht
Making a heavy mane;
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate:
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in zour ſicht.

" Aryſe young knicht, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day:
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way."
With ſmyleſs luke, and viſage wan
The wounded knicht replyd,
" Kynd chiftain, zour intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping tree,
Cauld death ſall end my care."
With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
Brave Hardyknute in to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrong,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord Chattans land ſae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race by mothers ſyde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaift Pictiſh crown.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſs menzie lay in ſicht.
" Zonder my valiant ſons and ferſs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird
To try with us their fate.

Mak oriſons to him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the rude;
Syne braifly ſchaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
Quhyle thouſands all around
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtatly ſtrade.
" Thryſe welcum valziant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſcheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his ſyde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that findle bruikd
The war that luikt lyke play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but delay.
Quoth noble Rothſay, "Myne i'll keip,
I wate its bleid a ſkore."
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt betwene his ene.

"Revenge

" Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothſays heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:"
Then ſent it thruch his ſyde.
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

" Sair bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now quene Elgreid,
Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

" Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk
His ſteilly harneſs ſhynd)
Take, Norſe, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norſe with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, " Quhair is Hardyknute ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne:
Thah Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail."

That brag his ſtout heart could na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht:
" I'm Hardyknute this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee law, as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleid.

Norſe ene lyke gray goſehawke ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with ſhame and ſpyte;
" Diſgrac'd is now my far-famd arm
That left thee power to ſtryke:"
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies uſit
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full ſune he raisd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſe his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy fae with luke enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid throw thickeſt ranks
The hardy zouth to quell,
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his approach
His furie to repell.

"That ſchort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.
"Aft Britons blude has dimd its ſhyne;
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt:"
Syne piercd the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrup was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud;
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

With cairles geſture, mynd unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain;
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryſe,
Quhen Winner ay the ſame;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſom ſounds
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw thair ſhyning wounds.

On Norways coaſt the widowit dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Befoir hir mate appears.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain;
Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praiſe Hardyknute,
Let Norſe the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately towir.
His towir that uſd with torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

" Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
" Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, ſay;"—
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
" Stand back, my ſons, I'll be zour gyde:"
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

" As faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands faes,"—
There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with dreid;
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE SECOND. BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could

not but engroſs the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but ſuch as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the eſtabliſhed religion by Henry VIII, the ſudden changes it underwent in the three ſucceeding reigns within ſo ſhort a ſpace as eleven or twelve years, and the violent ſtruggles between expiring Popery, and growing Proteſtantiſm, could not but intereſt all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the diſpute. The followers of the Old and New Profeſſion (as it was called) had their reſpective Ballad-makers; and every day produced ſome popular ſonnet for, or againſt the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled LITTLE JOHN NOBODY, *may ſerve for ſpecimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worſt that were compoſed upon the occaſion. Controverſial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of ſpirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well ſuſtained; eſpecially that of Luther, which is made to ſpeak in a manner not unbecoming the ſpirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, deſigned and executed by ſome eminent maſter. This is copied in miniature in the ſmall Engraving inſerted above.*

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age ſhould be inſpired with the zeal of controverſy, when the very ſtage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one publiſhed in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, Every Man; *the other, called* Luſty Juventus, *printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of theſe, occaſion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her ſuperſtitions: in the other, the poet (one* R. WEVER*) with great ſucceſs attacks both. So that the Stage in thoſe days literally was, what wiſe men have always wiſhed it,—a ſupplement*

to the Pulpit :—This was ſo much the caſe, that in the play of Luſty Juventus, chapter and verſe are every where quoted as formally, as in a ſermon; take an inſtance,

" *The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel ſayeth in this wiſe playnlye,*
" *As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere :*
" *Be converted, O ye children, &c.*"

From this play we learn, that moſt of the young people were New Goſpellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth : for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of ſuperſtition,

" *The olde people would believe ſtil in my lawes,*
" *But the yonger ſort leade them a contrary way,*
" *They wyl not beleve, they playnly ſay,*
" *In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.*"

And in another place Hypocriſy urges,

" *The worlde was never meri*
" *Since chyldren were ſo boulde :*
" *Now every boy wil be a teacher,*
" *The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.*"

Of the plays abovementioned, to the firſt is ſubjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this morall playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. ✠. *In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the ſame play, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.*

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Luſty Juventus: *and is thus diſtinguiſhed at the end :* Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Vele at the ſigne of the Lambe. *Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.*

THE

The Husbandman.

LET us lyft up our hartes all,
And prayſe the lordes magnificence,
Which hath geven the wolues a fall,
And is become our ſtrong defence:
For they thorowe a falſe pretens
From Chriſtes bloude dyd all us leade,
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As ſatisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
To kepe our houſe, and ſervauntes,
That did the freers from us fet,
And with our ſoules played the marchauntes:
And thus they with theyr falſe warantes
Of our ſweate have eaſelye lyved,
That for fatneſſe theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They ſpared not the fatherleſſe,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have ſomewhat more or leſſe,
If it above the ground did growe:
But now we huſbandmen do knowe
Al their ſubteltye, and their falſe caſte;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his ſwete word now at the laſte.

Doctor Martin Luther.

Thou antichriſt, with thy thre crownes,
Haſt uſurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughteſt to ſerve all houres:
Thou thinkeſt by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maiſt lykewiſe Gods word oppreſſe;
As do the deceatful foulers,
Whan they theyr nettes craftelye dreſſe.

Thou flattereſt every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with ſwearde and fyre;
All thoſe, that do followe Gods worde,
To make them cleve to thy deſire,
Theyr bokes thou burneſt in flaming fire;
Curſing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have deſyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

Thy falſe power wyl I bryng down,
Thou ſhalt not raygne many a yere,
I ſhall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou ſeyſte here:
Thou fyghteſt with ſwerd, ſhylde, and ſpeare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now ſo open and cleare,
That it ſhall brynge the under the borde.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never ſo many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion,
Throughe myne enſample, and conſel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuſe my faſhion
And thou, Luther, arte accurſed,
For blamynge me, and my condicion
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou ſtryveſt againſt my purgatory,
Becauſe thou findeſt it not in ſcripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knoweſt thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature;
Whatſoever I do it muſt be well.

As for ſcripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?
Nay, nay, hereticke ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye ſhal al accuſed be.

THE

The Cardinal.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Chriſtes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and ſume,
That wil Luther reſiſt ſtrongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the ſcripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
To ſubdue the popes high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynſt him fight;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope ſayth ye do but ryght:
And this be ſure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye ſhall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no reſiſtaunce.

But theſe heretikes for theyr medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes bleſſynge,
Nor regarde his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all deſtruction.
By Chriſtes bloud, to be ſaved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
Therefore ſhall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A Scottish Song.

While in England Verſe was made the vehicle of controverſy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or ſtinging ſatire; we may be ſure the zeal of the Scottiſh Reformers would not ſuffer their pens to be idle, but many a paſquil was diſcharged at the Romiſh prieſts, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preſerved in an ancient MS. Collection of Scottiſh poems in the Pepyſian library:)

Tak a Wobſter, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not ſteill,
With ane Prieſt, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpſe thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpſe ſall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but their furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a ſtill more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and baudy ſongs were compoſed by the rabble to the tunes of the moſt favourite hymns in the Latin ſervice. Greene ſleeves and pudding pies *(deſigned to ridicule the popiſh clergy) is ſaid to have*

been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder *was another:* John Anderson my jo *was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.*

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found "printit ane baudy sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes."

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae five.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer, na;
For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wullie was awa'.

* *See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p.* 177.

III. LITTLE

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI, written about the year 1550, *and preſerved in the Pepys collection, Britiſh Muſeum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cauſe, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is ſo eaſy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the beſt of them, and ſtill eaſier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the preſent times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that ſort, unleſs the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their* REVEREND FATHER [*archbiſhop Cranmer*] *had done what he could to ſtem the torrent, by giving the people acceſs to the ſcriptures, by teaching them to pray with underſtanding, by publiſhing homilies, and other religious tracts. It muſt however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time ſufficient room for juſt ſatire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inliſted themſelves, many concealed papiſts, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirſted after the poſſeſſions of the church; and many diſſolute perſons, who wanted to be exempt from all eccleſiaſtical cenſures; as theſe men were loudeſt of all others in their cries for Reformation, ſo in effect none obſtructed the regular progreſs of it ſo much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and ſhame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.*

The

The reader will remark the fondneſs of our Satiriſt for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or ſingularity; his verſification is that of Pierce Plowman's Viſions, in which a recurrence of ſimilar letters is eſſential: to this he has only ſuperadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to BOOK III. BALLAD I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be ſhort,
After november, when the nights wax noyſome and long;
As I paſt by a place privily at a port,
I ſaw one ſit by himſelf making a ſong:
His laſt * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were faſt i'th' faith. I 'freyned †' that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or ſome had done him wrong.
He ſaid, he was little John Nobody, that durſt not ſpeake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou ſoon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, that are ſo mad.
He ſaid, Theſe gay gallants, that wil conſtrue the goſpel,
As Solomon the ſage, with ſemblance full ſad;
To diſcuſſe divinity they nought adread:
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyeſt, quoth I, thou loſel, like a leud lad.
He ſaid, he was little John Nobody, that durſt not ſpeake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious goſpel ghoſtly to have in mind;
It is ſothe ſaid, that ſect but much unſeemly ſkalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in ſcripture are blind:

* *Perhaps* He left talk. † ſeyned. *MSS. and P. C.*

Yet to their fancy ſoon a cauſe wil find;
As to live in luſt, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;
But that I little John Nobody durſt not ſpeake.

For our reverend father hath ſet forth an order,
Our ſervice to be ſaid in our ſeignours tongue;
As Solomon the ſage ſet forth the ſcripture;
Our ſuffrages, and ſervice, with many a ſweet ſong,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no ſtiff, ſtubborn ſtomacks we ſhould freyke:
But wretches nere worſe to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

For bribery was never ſo great, ſince born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, ſith Chriſt harrowed hel,
And poor men are ſo ſore puniſhed commonly through the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel:
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be ſo quel,
That if a man do amiſſe, with miſchiefe they wil him wreake;
The faſhion of theſe new fellows it is ſo vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

Thus to live after their luſt, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move miſchiefe in their mind both to maid and wife

To bring them in advoutry, or elſe they wil ſtrife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of theſe frantic il ſellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

If thou company with them, they wil curriſhly carp, and not care
According to their fooliſh fantacy; but faſt wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holineſs, they hate it in their thought:
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiſs: for many a manful freyke
Is ſorry for theſe ſects, though they ſay little or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once ſpeake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
Where NO man, 'ne* NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did appear;
Through the ſound of a ſynagogue for ſorrow I ſwett,
That 'Aeolus †' through the eccho did cauſe me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, wheras the dumb deer
Did ſhiver for a ſhower; but I ſhunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wiſt who I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once ſpeake.

* then, *MSS. and P. C.* † Hercules, *MSS. and P. C.*

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH's VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preſerved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels which has lately been reprinted in ſo elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. *In Hentzer's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as emended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here reſtored.*

OH, Fortune! how thy reſtleſſe wavering ſtate
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this preſent priſonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou cauſedeſt the guiltie to be loſed
From bandes, wherein are innocents incloſed:
Cauſing the guiltles to be ſtraite reſerved,
And freeing thoſe that death had well deſerved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God ſend to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D.M,D,LV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNE

V. FAI

* Ver. 4. Could beare, *is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green ver.* 57. Could ſay.

V.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Moſt of the circumſtances in this popular ſtory of king Henry II and the beautiful Roſamond have been taken for fact by our Engliſh Hiſtorians; who unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in ſtimulating her ſons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealouſy, and ſuppoſed that Henry's amour with Roſamond was the object of that paſſion.

Our old Engliſh annaliſts ſeem, moſt of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Cheſter, whoſe account with ſome enlargements is thus given by Stow. "*Roſamond the fayre* "*daughter of Walter, lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II.* "*(poiſoned by queen Elianor, as ſome thought) dyed at* "*Woodſtocke* [*A. D.* 1177.] *where king Henry had made* "*for her a houſe of wonderfull working; ſo that no man* "*or woman might come to her, but he that was inſtructed* "*by the king, or ſuch as were right ſecret with him touch-*"*ing the matter. This houſe after ſome was named Laby-*"*rinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto* "*a knot in a garden, called a Maze* *; *but it was commonly* "*ſaid, that laſtly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde,* "*or ſilke, and ſo dealt with her, that ſhe lived not long af-*"*ter: but when ſhee was dead ſhe was buried at Godſtow in* "*an houſe of nunnes, beſide Oxford, with theſe verſes upon* "*her tombe,*

" Hic jacet in tumba, Roſa mundi, non Roſa munda:
" Non redolet, ſed olet, quæ redolere ſolet.

* *Conſiſting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and ſtone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epiſt. of Roſam.*

" *In Engliſh thus:*

" *The roſe of the world, but not the cleane flowre,*
" *Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:*
" *In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,*
" *That by her life was ſweete and redolent:*
" *But now that ſhee is from this life blent*
" *Though ſhe were ſweete, now foully doth ſhee ſtinke.*
" *A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.*"

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. *p.* 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Roſamond's bower is differently related. Hollingſhed ſpeaks of it, as " *the* " *common report of the people, that the queene . . . . founde* " *hir out by a ſilken thread, which the king had drawne* " *after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt* " *with hir in ſuch ſharpe and cruell wiſe, that ſhe lived* " *not long after.*" *Vol. III. p.* 115. *On the other hand, in Speede's hiſt. we are told that the jealous queen found her out* " *by a clew of ſilke, fallen from Roſamunds lappe, as ſhee* " *ſate to take ayre, and ſuddenly fleeing from the ſight of the* " *ſearcher, the end of her ſilke faſtened to her foot, and the* " *clew ſtill unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene* " *followed, till ſhee had found what ſhee ſought, and upon* " *Roſamund ſo vented her ſpleene, as the lady lived not long* " *after.*" 3*d Edit. p.* 509. *Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably, as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by ſurpriſe, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.*

It is obſervable that none of the old writers attribute Roſamond's death to poiſon, (Stow, above, mentions it meerly as a ſlight conjecture); they only give us to underſtand, that the queen treated her harſhly; with furious menaces, we may ſuppoſe, and ſharp expoſtulations, which had ſuch effect on her ſpirits, that ſhe did not long ſurvive it. Indeed on her

her tombſtone; as we learn from a perſon of credit *, *among other fine ſculptures, was engraven the figure of a* CUP. *This, which perhaps at firſt was an accidental ornament, might in after times ſuggeſt the notion that ſhe was poiſoned; at leaſt this conſtruction was put upon it, when the ſtone came to be demoliſhed after the nunnery was diſſolved. The account is, that "the tombſtone of Roſamund Clifford was "taken up at Godſtow, and broken in pieces, and that upon "it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked "with roſes red and green, and the picture of the* CUP, *out "of which ſhe drank the poyſon given her by the queen, carved "in ſtone."*

Roſamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godſtow, where ſhe had alſo reſided herſelf in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, *when Hugh biſhop of Lincoln cauſed it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a cotemporary writer, whoſe words are thus tranſlated by Stow. "Hugh biſhop of Lincolne came to the abbey of "nunnes, called Godſtow, ... and when he had entred "the church to pray, he ſaw a tombe in the middle of the "quire, covered with a pall of ſilke, and ſet about with "lights of waxe: and demanding whoſe tombe it was, he "was anſwered, that it was the tombe of Roſamond, that "was ſome time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the "love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth "the biſhop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her "without the church, leſt chriſtian religion ſhould grow "in contempt, and to the end, that through example of her, "other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe "themſelves from unlawfull and advoutrous company with "men." Annals, p.* 159.

* *Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in* 1632, *aged* 90. *See Hearne's rambling diſcourſe concerning Roſamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig Hiſt. Vol.* 3. *p.* 739.

*Hiſtory farther informs us, that king John repaired Godſtow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that "theſe holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the "ſoules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Roſamund "there interred." * .... In what ſituation her remains were found at the diſſolution of the nunnery we learn from Leland, "Roſamundes tumbe at Godſtowe nunnery was "taken up [of] late; it is a ſtone with this inſcription "TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were cloſid in lede, "and withyn that bones were cloſyd yn lether. When it "was opened a very ſwete ſmell came owt of it." See Hearne's diſcourſe above quoted, written in 1718; at which time, he tells us, were ſtill ſeen by the pool at Woodſtock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Roſamond's labyrinth.*

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two ſons by Roſamond, from a computation of whoſe ages, a modern hiſtorian has endeavoured to invalidate the received ſtory. Theſe were William Longue-eſpè (or Long-ſword) earl of Saliſbury, and Gefferey biſhop of Lincolne †. Gefferey was the younger of Roſamond's ſons, and yet is ſaid to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that ſee in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Roſamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he alſo thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152.] and "that the young lady by a natural effect of grief and reſent- "ment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occaſion "into the nunnery of Godſtowe, where ſhe died probably be- "fore the rebellion of Henry's ſons in 1173." [Carte's hiſt. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be obſerved, that Henry was but ſixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he ſtaid but eight months in this iſland, and was almoſt all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England

* *R. of Henry II. in Speed's Hiſt. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.* † *Afterwards archb. of York.*

England till 1153, *the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the leaſt hint of Roſamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of ſixteen ſhould venture to carry over a miſtreſs to his mother's court. If all theſe circumſtances are conſidered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is alſo countenanced by moſt of our old hiſtorians.*

Printed from four ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The ſecond of that name,
Beſides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Moſt peerleſse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A ſweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her criſped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans ſight;
Her ſparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did caſt a heavenlye light.

The blood within her cryſtal cheekes
Did ſuch a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the roſe
For maſterſhip did ſtrive.

Yea,

Yea, Roſamonde, fair Roſamonde,
Her name was called ſo,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Againſt the furious queene,
At Woodſtocke builded ſuch a bower,
The like was never ſeene.

Moſt curiouſly that bower was built
Of ſtone and timber ſtronge,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belonge:

And they ſo cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes ſake,
That was ſo faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where ſhee before did ſmile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full ſoon ſhee did beguile.

For why, the kinges ungracious ſonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Againſt his father raiſed wares
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The Engliſh land forſooke,
Of Roſamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Roſamonde, my only Roſe,
That pleaſeſt beſt mine eye:
The faireſt flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantaſye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whoſe ſweetneſs doth excelle:
My royal Roſe a thouſand times
I bid thee nowe farewelle!

For I muſt leave my faireſt flower,
My ſweeteſt Roſe, a ſpace,
And croſs the ſeas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abaſe.

But yet, my Roſe, be ſure thou ſhalt
My coming ſhortlye ſee,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Roſe with mee."

When

When Roſamond, that ladye brighte
  Did heare the king ſaye ſoe,
The ſorrowe of her grieved heart
  Her outward lookes did ſhowe;

And from her cleare and cryſtall eyes
  The teares guſht out apace,
Which like the ſilver-pearled dewe
  Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erſt like the corall redde,
  Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the ſorrow ſhe conceivde
  Her vitall ſpirits faile;

And falling down all in a ſwoone
  Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
  Her bodye did embrace:

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
  He kiſt her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivede againe
  Her ſenſes milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Roſe, my ſweeteſt Roſe?
  The king did often ſaye.
Becauſe, quoth ſhee, to bloodye warres
  My lord muſt part awaye.

But ſince your grace on forrayne coaſtes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Muſt goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why ſhould I ſtaye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your ſworde and target beare;
That on my breaſt the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

O lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with ſweete baths refreſh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your preſence may enjoye
No toil I will refuſe;
But wanting you, my life is death;
Nay, death Ild rather chuſe!

"Content thy ſelf, my deareſt love;
Thy reſt at home ſhall bee
In Englandes ſweet and pleaſant iſle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their ſexe delightes;
'Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
'Gay feaſtes, not cruell fightes.'

My

My Roſe ſhall ſafely here abide,
With muſicke paſſe the daye;
Whilſt I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes ſeeke far awaye.

My Roſe ſhall ſhine in pearle, and golde,
Whilſt Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love ſhall dance,
Whilſt I my foes goe fighte.

And you, ſir Thomas, whom I truſte
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Roſe
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall hee fetcht a ſigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Roſamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could ſpeake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved ſore:
After that daye faire Roſamonde
The king did ſee no more.

For when his grace had paſt the ſeas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
To Woodſtocke came anone,

And

And forth ſhe calles this truſtye knighte,
In an unhappye houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Roſamonde
Was like an angell ſette.

But when the queene with ſtedfaſt eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Caſt off from thee thoſe robes, ſhe ſaid,
That riche and coſtlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then preſentlye upon her knees
Sweet Roſamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene ſhe crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Roſamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poiſon ſtronge:
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my ſinfull life,
And in ſome cloyſter bide;
Or elſe be baniſht, if you pleaſe,
To range the world ſoe wide.

And for the fault, which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preſerve my life and puniſh mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with theſe words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeaſed bee;
The cup of deadlye poyſon ſtronge,
As ſhe knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee aroſe,
And on her feet did ſtand:

And caſting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poiſon ſtronge,
Her life ſhe loſt withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had ſhowde its greateſt ſpite,
Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confeſſe
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godſtowe, near to Oxford towne,
As may be ſeene this day.

VI.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"*Eleanor the daughter and heireſs of William duke of Guienne, and earl of Poictou, had been married ſixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croiſade, which that monarch commanded againſt the infidels; but having loſt the affections of her huſband, and even fallen under ſome ſuſpicions of gallantry with a handſome Saracen, Louis more delicate, than politic, procured a divorce from her, and reſtored her thoſe rich provinces, which by her marriage he had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither diſcouraged by the diſparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made ſuch ſucceſsful courtſhip to that princeſs, that he married her ſix weeks after her divorce, and got poſſeſſion of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon intereſt was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Elea-*

nor, who had diſguſted her firſt huſband by her gallantries, was no leſs offenſive to her ſecond by her jealouſy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumſtance of female weakneſs. She had ſeveral ſons by Henry, whom ſhe ſpirited up to rebel againſt him; and endeavouring to eſcape to them diſguiſed in man's apparel in 1173, *ſhe was diſcovered and thrown into a confinement, which ſeems to have continued till the death of her huſband in* 1189. *She however ſurvived him many years: dying in* 1204, *in the ſixth year of the reign of her youngeſt ſon, John. See Hume's Hiſt. I.* 260, 307. *Speed, Stow, &c.*

It is needleſs to obſerve, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her firſt huſband, none are imputed to her in that of her ſecond.

QUEENE Elianor was a ſicke womàn,
And afraid that ſhe ſhould dye:
Then ſhe ſent for two fryars of France
To ſpeke with her ſpeedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marſhall, Ile goe ſhrive the queene,
And thou ſhalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marſhàll,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatſoever queene Elianor ſaye,
No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My ſceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatſoere queen Elianor ſayes
No harme therof ſhall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall
The bells did ring, and the quiriſters ſing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you ſent ſo haſtilee.

Are you two fryars of France, ſhe ſayd,
As I ſuppoſe you bee?
But if you are two Engliſhe fryars,
You ſhall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they ſayd,
As you ſuppoſe we bee,
We have not been at any maſſe
Sith we came from the ſea.

The firſt vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marſhall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

Thats a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
With a heavye heart ſpake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyſon ſtrong,
To poiſon king Henrye.

Thats a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
And I wiſh it ſo may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will diſcover;
I poyſoned fair Roſamonde,
All in fair Woodſtocke bower.

That's a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
And I wiſh it ſo may bee.

Do you ſee yonders little boye,
A toſſing of the balle?
That is earl marſhalls eldeſt ſonne,
And I love him the beſt of all.

Do you ſee yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngeſt ſonne,
And I love him the worſt of all.

His head is faſhyond like a bull;
His noſe is like a boare.
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
And appeared all in redde:
She ſhrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And ſayd ſhe was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left ſhoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marſhall, he ſayd, but for my oathe,
Or hanged thou ſhouldſt bee.

V. 63, 67. *She means that the eldeſt of theſe two was by the* rl *marſhal, the youngeſt by the king.*

VII.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES.

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a piece of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to his friend "Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, *from "his poore house in Waltham "stoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in* 1578. *Vide Ath. Oxon.*

A very ingenious critic thinks "Gascoigne has much ex- "ceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony "of versification." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' these qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the* PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES †, *(the Dodsley's miscellany of those times*

* *Observations on the Faerie Queen. Vol. II. p.* 168.

† *Printed in* 1578, 1596, *and perhaps oftener, in* 4to, *black*

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line *: *whereas the numbers of Jonſon, Donne, and moſt of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the ſting of a ſaw.—Perhaps this is in ſome meaſure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.*

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as poſſeſſed of a delicacy rarely to be ſeen in that early ſtate of our poetry) properly conſiſts of alexandrines of 12 *and* 14 *ſyllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gaſcoigne's pieces; the firſt intitled, "A hundreth ſundrie flowres, "bounde up in one ſmall poſie, &c. London, imprinted for "Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p.* 202.*) compared with the Printer's epiſt. to the Reader, it appears have been been publiſhed in* 1572, *or* 3. *The other is intitled, "The Poſies of George Gaſcoigne Eſq. "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour;* 575. *"—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epiſt. dedicat. is dated* 1576.

In the title page of this laſt (by way of printer's †, *or bookſeller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is repreſented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend,* OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] *This is mentioned becauſe it is not improbable but the accidental ſight of this or ſome other title-page containing the ſame Device, ſuggeſted to Rubens that well-known deſign of a ſimilar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery* ‡, *and which has been ſo juſtly cenſured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill-adapted to the ſubject of this volume, is with ſome ſmall variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curioſity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.*

* *The ſame is true of moſt of the poems in the* Mirrour of Magiſtrates, 1563, 4to, *and even of* Surrey's *Poems,* 1557.

† *Henric Binneman.* ‡ LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

IN court whoſo demaundes
What dame doth moſt excell;
For my conceit I muſt needes ſay,
Faire Bridges beares the bel:

Upon whoſe lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The roſe and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive
For equall change of hewe:

And therwithall ſo well
Hir graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once preſume
In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes,
Which like ſome other beſt,
Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe
Diſgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie,
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature firſt
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir ſo well:
  Lo here, quod ſhe, a peece
For perfect ſhape, that paſſeth all
  Apelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
  The greateſt God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himſelf,
  That rules the roaſt above.

But out, alas! thoſe wordes
  Were vaunted all in vayne,
And ſome unſeen wer preſent there,
  Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
  Cloſe in a corner ſtoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
  I geſſe it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
  Gan kindle in his breſt,
And herd dame Nature boaſt by hir
  To break him of his reſt,

His hot newe-choſen love
  He chaunged into hate,
And ſodeynly with myghtie mace
  Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To ſee the cruell deede:
Mee ſeemes I ſee hir, how ſhe wept
To ſee hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod ſhe, this hurt
Shal have ſome helpe I trowe:
And quick with ſkin ſhe coverd it,
That whiter is than ſnowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of fur'her flame,
When angel-like he ſaw hir ſhine,
Whome he had ſmit with ſhame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind:
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The ſkar ſtill there remains;
No force, there let it be:
There is no cloude that can eclipſe
So bright a ſunne, as ſhe.

VIII.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, *where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on* MARY AMBREE *in this volume.—An ingenious gentleman has assured the Editor, that he has formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembred: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck*

—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offenaed at the absurdities, and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham,

(fought

(fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leiceſter, was ſlain at the head of the barons, his eldeſt ſon Henry fell by his ſide, and in conſequence of that defeat, his whole family ſunk for ever, the king beſtowing their great honours and poſſeſſions on his ſecond ſon Edmund earl of Lancaſter.

PART THE FIRST.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long loſt his ſight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty moſt bright;
And many a gallant brave ſuiter had ſhee,
For none was ſoe comelye as pretty Beſsee.

And though ſhee was of favor moſt faire,
Yett ſeeing ſhee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
Of ancyent houſekeepers deſpiſed was ſhee,
Whoſe ſonnes came as ſuitors to prettye Beſſee.

Wherefòre in great ſorrow faire Beſsy did ſay,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To ſeeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
Her ſuite then they granted to prettye Beſsee.

Then Beſsy, that was of bewtye ſoe bright,
All cladd in gray ruſſett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted ſhee;
Who ſighed and ſobbed for prettye Beſsee.

Shee went till ſhee came to Stratford-le-Bowe;
Then knew ſhee not, whither nor which way to goe:
With teares ſhee lamented her hard deſtinìe,
So ſadd and ſo heavy was prettye Beſsee.

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee;
So faire and wel favoured was prettye Besee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was strait-way enamourd of prettye Besee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comlye was prettye Besee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewd herselfe curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee;
Soe faire and so comly was prettye Besee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe:
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honoured prettye Besee.

The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Besee.

A merchant of London, whoſe wealth was not ſmall,
He was the third ſuiter, and proper withall:
Her maſters own ſonne the fourth man muſt bee,
Who ſwore he wold dye for prettye Beſsee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight:
My hart's ſo inthralled by thy bewtìe,
That ſoone I ſhall dye for prettye Beſsee.

The gentleman ſayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Beſsy ſhal bee:
My life is diſtreſſed: O heare me, quoth hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Beſsee.

Let me bee thy huſband, the merchant could ſay,
Thou ſhalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My ſhippes ſhall bring home rych jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love prettye Beſsee.

Then Beſſy ſhee ſighed, and thus ſhee did ſay,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
Firſt gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you ſhall enjoye your pretty Beſsee.

To every one this anſwer ſhee made,
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye ſayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Beſsee?

My father, ſhe ſayd, is ſoone to be ſeene;
The ſeely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye ſits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of prettye Beſsee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell:
A ſeely olde man God knoweth is hee,
Yett hee is the father of prettye Beſsee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
Nor, quoth the inholder, my wiffe ſhalt thou bee:
I lothe, ſayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therfore, adewe, my prettye Beſsee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worſe,
I weighe not true love by the weight of the purſe,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto mee, my pretty Beſsee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay ſoft, quoth his kinſmen, it muſt not be ſoe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye ſhal bee,
Then take thy adewe of prettye Beſsee.

But ſoone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Romford ſtole Beſſy away.
The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe prettye Beſsee.

As

As ſwift as the winde to ryde they were ſeene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted moſt curteouſlie,
They all fought againſt him for prettye Beſsee.

But reſcu came ſpeedilye over the plaine,
Or elſe the young knight for his love had beene ſlaine.
This fray being ended, then ſtraightway he ſee
His kinſmen come rayling at prettye Beſsee.

Then ſpake the blind beggar, Althoughe I be poore,
Yett rayle not againſt my child at my owne door:
Though ſhee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to ſee
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But firſt you ſhall promiſe, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop ſhall all be your owne.
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Beſsee.

With that an angell he caſt on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thouſand pound;
And oftentimes it was proved moſt plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

Doe that the place, wherein they did ſitt,
With gold was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their ſtore,
Sayd, Beggar, hold, for wee have no more.

Thou haſt fulfilled thy promiſe aright.
Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
And heere, added hee, I will throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treaſure had ſeene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And thoſe, that were her ſuitors before,
Their fleſhe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Beſsy a match for the knight,
And made a ladye in others deſpite:
A fairer ladye there never was ſeene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their ſumptuous marriage and feaſt,
What brave lords and knights thither were preſt,
The SECOND FIT * ſhall ſett forth to your ſight
With marveilous pleaſure, and wiſhed delight.

* *The word* FIT, *for* PART, *often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into ſeveral parts for the convenience of ſinging them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feaſt ſung by*

FITS, *or intermiſſions. So Puttenham in his Art of Engliſh poeſie*, 1589, *ſays*, " *the Epithalamie was divided by* " *breaches into three partes to ſerve for three ſeveral* FITS, " *or times to be ſung.*" *p.* 41.—

From the ſame writer we learn ſome curious particulars relative to the ſtate of ballad-ſinging in that age, that will throw light on the preſent ſubject: ſpeaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the ſhort meaſures uſed by common rhimers; theſe, he ſays, " *glut the eare, unleſs it be* " *in ſmall and popular muſickes, ſung by theſe Cantabanqui,* " *upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none* " *other audience then boys or countrey fellows, that paſſe by* " *them in the ſtreete; or elſe by* BLIND HARPERS, *or ſuch* " *like taverne minſtrels, that give a* FIT *of mirth for a* " GROAT, . . *their matter being for the moſt part ſtories of* " *old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of* " *Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme* " *of the Clough, and ſuch other old romances or hiſtorical* " *rimes, made purpoſely for recreation of the common people at* " *Chriſtmaſſe dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and* " *alehouſes, and ſuch other places of baſe reſorte.*" *p.* 69.

This ſpecies of entertainment, which ſeems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel aſſemblies, he gives us room to infer from another paſſage. " *We ourſelves, ſays* " *this courtly* writer, have written for pleaſure a little* " *brief romance, or hiſtorical ditty in the Engliſh tong* " *of the iſle of Great Britaine in ſhort and long meetres,* " *and by breaches or diviſions* [*i. e.* FITS,] *to be more com-* " *modiouſly ſung to the harpe in places of aſſembly, where* " *the company ſhal be deſirous to heare of old adventures,* " *and valiaunces of noble knights in times paſt, as are thoſe* " *of*

* *He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. penſioners, at a time when the whole band conſiſted of men of diſtinguiſhed birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.*

of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand ſcene of feſtivity was compleat without one of theſe reciters to entertain the company with feats of armes, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of theſe old minſtrels ſays, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

" When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
" And lords and ladyes ſtill wil bee,
" And ſitt and ſolace lythe ; * *Perhaps " blythe."*
" Then itt is time for mee to ſpeake
" Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
" Such carping for to kythe."

If we conſider that a GROAT *in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a ſhilling now, we ſhall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the balladſingers of our time. The reciting of one ſuch ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in* II *parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very reſpectable appearance, we may learn from the dreſs of the old beggar, in the following ſtanzas, ver.* 34, *where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of theſe minſtrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after his ſpeech, ver.* 63. *The exordium of his ſong, and his claiming a* GROAT *for his reward, v.* 76, *are peculiarly characteriſtic of that profeſſion.—Moſt of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchaſe a recital of the ſong: and they ſeldom conclude the* FIRST *part without large promiſes of ſtill greater entertainment in the* SECOND. *This was a neceſſary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a ſecond groat's-worth.—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine* FITS, *which would afford a conſiderable profit to the reciter.*

To return to the word FIT ; *it ſeems at firſt to have pecu-*
culiarly ſignified the pauſe, or breathing time between the ſe-
veral parts, (anſwering to PASSUS *in the viſions of Pier*
Plowman) : thus in the old poem of JOHN THE REEVE *th*
Firſt part ends with this line,

" *The firſt* FITT *here find wee :*"

i. e. here we come to the firſt pauſe or intermiſſion.—By d
grees it came to ſignify the whole part or diviſion precedi
the pauſe ; and this ſenſe it had obtained ſo early as the ti
of Chaucer : who thus concludes the firſt part of his rhyme
Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)

" *Lo ! lordis mine, here is a* FITT ;
" *If ye woll any more of it,*
" *To tell it woll I fonde.*"

PART THE SECOND.

WIthin a gorgeous palace moſt brave,
Adorned with all the coſt they colde have,
This wedding was kept moſt ſumptuouſlie,
And all for the creditt of prettye Beſſee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates ſweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete;
Partridge, and plover, and veniſon moſt free,
Againſt the brave wedding of pretty Beſſee.

is wedding through England was ſpread by report,
that a great number therto did reſort
nobles and gentles in every degree;
d all for the fame of prettye Beſsee.

church then went this gallant young knight;
s bride followed after, an angell moſt bright,
ith troopes of ladyes, the like nere was ſeene,
at went with ſweete Beſſy of Bednall-greene.

is marryage being ſolemnized then,
ith muſicke performed by the ſkillfulleſt men,
e nobles and gentles ſate downe at that tyde,
ch one admiring the beautifull bryde.

w, after the ſumptuous dinner was done,
talke, and to reaſon a number begunn:
ey talkt of the blind beggars daughter moſt bright,
d what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

en ſpake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee,
is jolly blind beggar we cannot here ſee."
y lords, quoth the bride, my father's ſo baſe,
e is loth with his preſence theſe ſtates to diſgrace.

The prayſe of a woman in queſtyon to bringe
fore her owne face, were a flattering thinge;
ee thinke thy father's baſeneſs, quoth they,
ght by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had no ſooner theſe pleaſant words ſpoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a ſilke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a muſicyan forſooth hee wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the ſtrings, which made ſuch a charme,
Saies, Pleaſe you to heare any muſicke of mee,
Ile ſing you a ſong of prettye Beſsee.

With that his lute he twanged ſtraight way,
And thereon begann moſt ſweetlye to play;
And after that leſſons were playd two or three,
He ſtrayned out this ſong moſt delicatelie.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
"Who for her faireneſſe might well be a queene:
"A blithe bonny laſſe, and dainty was ſhee,
"And many one called her prettye Beſſee.

"Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
"But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
"And yett to her marriage he gave thouſands three,
"And ſtill he hath ſomewhat for prettye Beſsee.

"And if any one here her birth doe diſdaine,
"Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
"To prove ſhee is come of noble degree:
"Therfòre never flout at prettye Beſsee."

With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were readye to ſwound;
At laſt ſayd the lords, Full well wee may ſee,
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.

On this the bride all bluſhing did riſe,
The pearlie dropps ſtanding within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth ſhee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did ſay,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee ſee,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therfore blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe ſay)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee,
For the love that thou beareſt to prettye Beſsee.

" Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
" One ſong more to ſing, and then I have done;
" And if that itt may not winn good report,
" Then do not give me a groat for my ſport.

" [Sir Simon de Montfort my ſubject ſhal bee;
" Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
" Yet fortune ſo cruelle this lorde did abaſe,
" Now loſte and forgotten are hee and his race.

" When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppoſe,
" Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they choſe;
" A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
" And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Eveſhame plaine
" The barons were routèd, and Montfort was ſlaine;
" Moſte fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
" Thoughe thou waſt not borne then, my prettye Beſsee!

" Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
" His eldeſt ſonne Henrye, who fought by his ſide,
" Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight?
" A blowe that deprivde him for ever from ſight.

" Among the dead bodyes all lifeleſſe he laye,
" Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
" When by a yong ladye diſcoverd was hee;
" And this was thy mother, my prettye Beſsee!

" A barons faire daughter ſtept forth in the nighte
" To ſearch for her father, who fell in the fight,
" And ſeeing yong Montfort, where gaſping he laye,
" Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

" In ſecrette ſhe nurſt him, and ſwaged his paine,
" While hee throughe the realme was beleevd to be ſlaine
" At lengthe his faire bride ſhee conſented to bee,
" And made him glad father of prettye Beſſee.

" A

" And nowe leſt oure foes oure lives ſholde betraye,
" We clothed ourſelves in beggars arraye ;
" Her jewelles ſhee ſolde, and hither came wee :
" All our comfort and care was our prettye Beſsee.]

" And here have we lived in fortunes deſpite,
" Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte :
" Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
" The fillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

" And here, noble lordes, is ended the ſonge
" Of one, that once to your owne ranke did belong :
" And thus have you learned a ſecrette from mee,
" That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Beſsee."

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the ſtrange tale in the ſong he had ſhowne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blind beggar, and prettye Beſsee.

With that the ſweete maiden they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewiſe is of noble degree,
And thou art right worthye a ladye to bee.

Thus was the feaſt ended with joye, and delighte,
A bridegroome moſt happye then was the yong knighte,
In joye and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the prettye Beſsee.

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, ſubſcribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marſhall,] is preſerved in the The Paradiſe of dainti deviſes, quoted above in pag.* 150.—*The two firſt ſtanza may be found accompanied with muſical notes in "An howre recreation in muſicke, &c. "by Richard Aliſon, Lond.* 1606 *4to.:" uſually bound up with* 3 *or* 4 *ſets of "Madrigal ſet to muſic by Tho. Weelkes. Lond.* 1597. 1600. 1608, 4*to.* One of theſe madrigals is ſo compleat an example of the Bu thos, *that I cannot forbear preſenting it to the reader.*

Thule, the period of coſmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whoſe ſulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the ſkie,
Trinacrian Ætnas flames aſcend not hier:
Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more I,
Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andeluſian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china diſhes,
Reports in Spaine, how ſtrangely Fogo burnes
Amidſt an ocean full of flying fiſhes:
Theſe things ſeeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whoſe hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes ſeems to have been of opinion with many of hi brethren of later times, that nonſenſe was beſt adapted to diſ play the powers of muſical compoſure.

THE

* *Vid. Athen. Oxon. p.* 152. 316.

THE ſturdy rock for all his ſtrength
By raging ſeas is rent in twaine:
The marble ſtone is pearſt at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The ſteele obeyeth the hammer ſtroke.

The ſtately ſtagge, that ſeemes ſo ſtout,
By yalping hounds at bay is ſet:
The ſwifteſt bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greateſt fiſh, in deepeſt brooke,
Is ſoone deceived by ſubtill hooke.

Yea man himſelfe, unto whoſe will
All thinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie ſkill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waſte;
The heavens, the earth conſume at laſt.

But vertue ſits triumphing ſtill
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though ſpiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what ſo betides,
The ſtate of vertue never ſlides.

X. YOUNG

X.

YOUNG WATERS.

A Scottish Ballad.

This very ancient poem is given from a copy printed not long ſince at Glaſgow, in one ſheet 8vo. The world is indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, ſiſter to the earl of Hume, who dyed lately at Gibralter.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the caſtle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then ſhe ſaw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horſemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden

Gowden graith'd his horſe before
And filler ſhod behind,
The horſe zoung Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then ſpake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen ſaid he,
O tell me qhua's the faireſt face
Rides in the company.

I've ſene lord, and I've ſene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs
Mine eyne did never ſee.

Out then ſpack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord ſhe ſays,
Bot the king that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that ſhe could do or ſay,
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which ſhe had ſaid
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung ſon in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding hill,
His horſe, bot and his ſaddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His lady fair to ſee.
And for the words the queen had ſpoke,
Zoung Waters he did dee.

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE;

By the earl of Oxford.

Edward Vere earl of Oxford was in high fame for his ætical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no jury to his reputation that few of his compoſitions are pre-rved for the inſpection of impartial poſterity. To gratify rioſity, we have inſerted a ſonnet of his, which is quoted ith great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Put-nham's Arte of Eng. Poeſie, and found intire in the Gar-nd of Good-will. A few more of his ſonnets (diſtinguiſhed by e initial letters E. O.) may be ſeen in the Paradiſe of Daintie eviſes. One of theſe is intitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it orth notice are theſe,*

A crowne of baies ſhall that man 'beare'
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of ragon dyed Jan. 8, 1536; "Queene Anne [Bullen] ware YELOWE *for the mourning." And when this unfortunate inceſs loſt her head May 19, the ſame year, "on the aſcen-cion day following, the kyng for mourning ware* WHYTE." *l. 227, 228.*

Edward,

* *Lond. 1589 p. 172.*

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, ſucceeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, *and died an aged man in* 1604. *See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors: Ath. Ox.*

COME hither ſhepherd's ſwayne?
" Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, ſhewe to me thy name.
" My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Deſire?
" In pompe and pryme of may."
By whom, ſweet boy, wert thou begot?
" By fond Conceit men ſay."

Tell me, who was thy nurſe?
" Freſh Youth in ſugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
" Sad ſighes with great annoy."

What hadſt thou then to drinke?
" Unſavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
" In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then aſleepe?
" Sweete ſpeech, which likes me beſt."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
" In gentle hartes I reſt."

What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
" To gaze on beautye ſtille."
Whom doſt thou thinke to be thy foe?
" Diſdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye diſpleaſe?
" Yea, ſurelye, many one."
Where doth Deſire delight to live?
" He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye?
" No, no, Deſire both lives and dyes
" Ten thouſand times a daye."

Then, fond Deſire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
I ſhould be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
With ſuch a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the ſubject of the following ballad, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public. See Mr. Guthrie's New Peerage, 4to. Vol. I. p. 22.

" *The tranſaction which did the greateſt honour to the ear* *of Surrey* * *and his family at this time* [*A. D.* 1511.] *wa their behaviour in the caſe of Barton, a Scotch ſea-officer This gentleman's father having ſuffered by ſea from the Por tugueſe, he had obtained letters of marque for his two ſons t make repriſals upon the ſubjects of Portugal. It is extremel probable, that the court of Scotland granted theſe letters wit no very honeſt intention. The council board of England at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was dail peſtered with complaints from the ſailors and merchants, tha Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretenc of ſearching for Portugueſe goods, interrupted the Engliſh na vigation. Henry's ſituation at that time rendered him back ward from breaking with Scotland, ſo that their complaint were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, coul not ſmother his indignation, but gallantly declared at th council board, that while he had an eſtate that could furni out a ſhip, or a ſon that was capable of commanding one, th narrow ſeas ſhould not be infeſted.*

" *Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scot ſhips, had the reputation of being one of the ableſt ſea-officer of his time. By his depredations, he had amaſſed gre wealth, and his ſhips were very richly laden. Henry, no withſtanding his ſituation, could not refuſe the generous off made by the earl of Surrey. Two ſhips were immediately fitt out, and put to ſea with letters of marque, under his tw ſons, Sir Thomas* † *and Sir Edward Howard. After t countering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas ca up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andre Barton in perſon; and Sir Edward came up with the Unic Barton's other ſhip,* [*called by Hall, the bark of Scotland The engagement which enſued was extremely obſtinate on bo ſides; but at laſt the fortune of the Howards prevailed. S Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging*

* *Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.*

† *Called by old hiſtorians lord Howard, afterwards crea earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.*

men with his whiſtle, to hold out to the laſt; and the two Scotch ſhips with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [*Aug.* 2, 1511.]

"*This exploit had the more merit, as the two Engliſh commanders were in a manner volunteers in the ſervice, by their father's order. But it ſeems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for on the* 7*th of April,* 1512, *the king conſtituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.*

"*King James 'inſiſted' upon ſatisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ſhip: 'tho' Henry had generouſly diſmiſſed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accuſed might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themſelves.*" *This affair was in a great meaſure the cauſe of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. loſt his life.*

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps ſome few deviations from the truth of hiſtory: to attone for which it has probably recorded many leſſer facts, which hiſtory hath not condeſcended to relate. I take many of the little circumſtances of the ſtory to be real, becauſe I find one of the moſt unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2. *v.* 156. *it is ſaid, that England had before "but two ſhips of war." Now the* GREAT HARRY *had been built but ſeven years before, viz. in* 1504: *which "was properly ſpeaking the firſt ſhip in the Engliſh navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ſhips from the merchants." Hume.*

The following copy (which is given from the Editor's folio MS. and ſeems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth) will be found greatly ſuperior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. Some few deficiences are however ſupplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.

The first Part.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
'Bedeckt the earth ſo trim and gaye,
'And Neptune with his daintye ſhowers
'Came to preſent the monthe of Maye;*'
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames paſt hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome rich merchànts;
Good ſaylors, welcome unto me."
They ſwore by the rood, they were ſaylors good,
But rich merchànts they colde not bee:
"To France, nor Flanders dare we paſs;
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover, that lyes on the ſeas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And ſwore by the Lord, that was mickle of migh
"I thought he had not been in the world,
Durſt have wrought England ſuch unright."
The merchants ſighed, and ſaid, alas!
And thus they did theire anſwer frame,
Hee is a proud Scott, that robbes on the ſeas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

T

* *From the pr. copy.*

The king lookt over his left ſhoulder,
And an angrye looke then looked hee:
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will fetch yond traytor unto mee?"
Yea, that dare I; lord Howard ſayes,
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it pleaſe your grace to give me leave,
Myſelfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the king replyed:
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
"Truſt me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
Then bowemen and gunners thou ſhalt have,
And chuſe them over my realme ſo free;
Beſides good mariners, and ſhipp-boyes,
To guide the great ſhipp on the ſea.

The firſt man, that lord Howard choſe,
Was the ableſt gunner in all the rea'me,
Thoughe he was threeſcore yeeres and ten:
Good Peter Simon was his name.
Peter, ſayd he, I muſt to the ſea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have choſen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be head.

If you, my lord, have choſen me
Of a hundred gunners to be head,
Then hang me up on your maine-maſt tree,
If I miſſe my marke one ſhilling bread'th.
My lord then choſe a boweman rare,
'Whoſe active hands had gained fame,'*
In Yorkſhire he was a gentleman borne,
And William Horſeley was his name.

Horſeley, ſayd he, I muſt with ſpeede
Go ſeeke a traytor on the ſea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have choſen thee.
If you, quoth hee, have choſen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be head;
On your maine-màſt Ile hanged bee,
If I miſs twelveſcore one penny bread'th.

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
The noble Howard is gone to the ſea;
With a valyant heart and a pleaſant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth ſayled he.
And days he ſcant had ſayled three,
Upon the 'voyage', he tooke in hand,
But there he met with a noble ſhipp,
And ſtoutly made itt ſtay and ſtand.

* *From the pr. copy.*

Thou muſt tell me, lord Howard ſayes,
Now who thou art, and whats thy name;
And ſhewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my ſhipp doe both belong
To the Newcaſtle, that ſtands upon Tyne.

Haſt thou not heard, now, Henrye Hunt,
As thou haſt ſayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottiſh rover on the ſeas;
Men call him ſir Andrew Barton knight?
Than ever he ſighed, and ſayd alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his priſoner yeſterday.

As I was ſayling upon the ſea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his arch-borde* he claſped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

* Perhaps *Hatch-borde*.

You ſhall not need, lord Howard ſayes;
  Lett me but once that robber ſee,
For every penny tane thee froe
  It ſhall be doubled ſhillings three.
Nowe God forefend, the merchant ſayes,
  That you ſhold ſeek ſoe far amiſſe!
God keepe you out o' that traitors handes!
  Full litle ye wott what a man he is.

He is braſſe within, and ſteele without,
  With beames on his topcaſtle ſtronge;
And thirtye pieces of ordinance
  He carries on each ſide alonge:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
  St. Andrewes croſſe itt is his guide;
His pinnace beareth nineſcore men,
  And fifteen canons on each ſide.

Were ye twentye ſhippes, and he but one;
  I ſweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold orecome them every one,
  If once his beames they doe downe fall.
This is cold comfort, ſayes my lord,
  To welcome a ſtranger on the ſea:
Yett Ile bring him, and his ſhipp to ſhore,
  Or to Scotland he ſhall carrye mee.

Then a noble gunner you muſt have,
And he muſt aim well with his ee,
And ſinke his pinnace in the ſea,
Or elſe he ne'er orecome will be:
And if you chance his ſhipp to borde,
This counſel I muſt give withall,
Let no man to his topcaſtle goe
To ſtrive to let his beames downe fall.

And ſeven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each ſide of my ſhipp along,
And I will lead you on the ſea.
A glaſſe Ile ſett, that may be ſeene,
Whether you ſayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I ſweare, by nine of the clocke
You ſhall ſee Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant ſett my lorde a glaſſe
Soe well apparent in his ſight,

And

And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He ſhewd him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee,
Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde ſays,
This is a gallant ſight to ſee.

Take in your ancyents, ſtandards eke,
So cloſe that no man may them ſee;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants uſe that ſayle the ſea.
But they ſtirred neither top, nor maſt;
Stoutly they paſt Sir Andrew by.
What Engliſh churles are yonder, he ſayd,
That can ſoe little curteſye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the ſea;
And never an Engliſh nor Portingall
Without my leave can paſſe this way.
Then called he forth his ſtout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I ſweare by the maſſe, yon Engliſh churles
Shall all hang at my maine-maſt tree.

With

V. 5. 'hatched with gold.' *MS.*

With that the pinnace itt ſhott off,
Full well lord Howard might it ken;
For it ſtrake downe his fore-maſt tree,
And killed fourteen of his men.
Come hither, Simon, ſayes my lord,
Looke that thy word doe ſtand in ſtead;
For at my maine-maſt thou ſhalt hang,
If thou miſſe thy marke one ſhilling bread'th.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great ſhott leſſe, and moe;
And he lett goe his great gunnes ſhott;
Soe well he ſettled itt with his ee,
The firſt ſight that Sir Andrewe ſawe,
He ſawe his pinnace ſunke i' the ſea.

And when hee ſawe his pinnace ſunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did ſwell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe myſel."
When my lord ſawe Sir Andrewe looſe,
Within his heart hee was full faine:
"Nowe ſpread your ancyents, ſtrike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe ſayes,
  Weale howſoever this geere will ſway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Engländ,
  Is come to ſeeke mee on the ſea.
Simon had a ſonne, who ſhott right well,
  That did Sir Andrewe mickle ſcare;
In att his decke he gave a ſhott,
  Killed threeſcore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
  Came bravely on the other ſide,
Soone he drove downe his fore-maſt tree,
  And killed fourſcore men beſide.
Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrew cryed,
  What may a man now thinke, or ſay?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
  He was my priſoner yeſterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
  That aye waſt readye at my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
  If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
Lord Howard hee then calld in haſte,
  "Horſeley ſee thou be true in ſtead;
For thou ſhalt at the maine-maſt hang,
  If thou miſſe twelveſcore one penny bread'th.

Then

Then Gordon ſwarvd the maine-maſt tree,
He ſwarved it with might and maine;
But Horſeley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell downe to the hatches again,
And ſore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only ſiſters ſonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou haſt wonne.
With that he ſwarvd the maine-maſt tree,
He ſwarved it with nimble art;
But Horſeley with a broad arrowe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did ſtreame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is ſlaine!
All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did ſwell:
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcaſtle myſel."

"Goe

" Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
That gilded is with gold ſoe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Againſt the Portingals hee it ware;
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant ſight to ſee.
Ah! nere didſt thou meet with living wight,
My deere brother, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horſeley, ſays my lord,
And looke to your ſhaft that it goe right,
Shoot a good ſhoote in time of need,
And for it thou ſhalt be made a knight.
Ile ſhoot my beſt, quoth Horſeley then,
Your honour ſhall ſee, with might and maine,
But if I were hangd at your maine-maſt tree,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did ſwarve the tree,
With right good will he ſwarved then:
Upon his breaſt did Horſeley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horſeley ſpyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a ſecrette part;
Under the ſpole of his right arme
He ſmote Sir Andrew to the heart.

" Fight

" Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew ſayes,
A little I me hurt, but yett not ſlaine ;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile riſe and fight againe.
" Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew ſayes,
And never flinche before the foe ;
And ſtand faſt by St. Andrewes croſſe
Untill you heare my whiſtle blowe."

They never heard his whiſtle blow,
Which made their hearts waxe ſore adread :
Then Horſeley ſayd, Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble ſhipp,
They boarded it with might and maine ;
Eighteen ſcore Scotts alive they found,
The reſt were either maimd or ſlaine.

Lord Howard tooke a ſword in hand,
And off he ſmote Sir Andrewes head ;
" I muſt ha' left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He cauſed his bodye to be caſt
Over the hatchborde into the ſea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes :
" Wherever thou land this will burye thee."

Thus

Thus from the warres lord Howard came,
And backe he ſayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And ſealed it with ſeale and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did ſubject to a king.

"Sir Andrewes ſhipp I bring with mee;
A braver ſhipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two ſhipps of warre,
Before in England was but one."
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
And where, ſaid he, is this rover ſtout:
That I myſelfe may give the doome?

"The rover, he is ſafe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the ſea;
If he were alive, as he is dead,
I muſt ha' left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ſhip
For the victory wee have wonne,
Theſe are William Horſeley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his ſonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then ſayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day thou ſhalt have,
With Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne."
And Horſeley thou ſhalt be a knight,
And lands and livings ſhalt have ſtore;
Howard ſhall be earl Surrye hight,
As Howards erſt have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy ſonne:
And the men ſhall have five hundred markes
For the good ſervice they have done.
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To ſee Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
They weend that hee were brought on ſhore,
And thought to have ſeen a gallant fight.

But when they ſee his deadlye face,
And eyes ſoe hollowe in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thouſand markes,
This man were alive as he is dead:
Yet for the manfull part he playd,
Which fought ſoe well with heart and hand,
His men ſhall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.

***

XIII.

LADY BOTHWELL's LAMENT,

A Scottish Song,

— refers, I preſume, to the affecting ſtory of lady Jean Gordon, ſiſter to the earl of Huntley. This lady had been married but ſix months to James Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when that nobleman conceived an ambitious deſign of marrying his ſovereign Mary queen of Scots: to accompliſh which, among other violent meaſures he ſued out a divorce from his lawful bride, the lady Jean. This ſuit was driven forward with ſuch indecent precipitation, that the proceſs was begun and ended in four days, [in May 1567.] and his wife, who was a woman of merit, driven from his bed, upon the moſt trivial and ſcandalous pretences. See Robertſon.— Hiſtory is ſilent as to this lady having a child by him, but that might be accounted for by ſuppoſing it dyed.

After all, perhaps this ſtory is miſapplied here, and indeed is hardly conſiſtent with the laſt ſtanza. In the Editor's folio MS. whence this ſong is printed, it is ſimply intitled Balowe, *and in the copy given by Allan Ramſey in his Tea-table Miſcellany, (which contains many modern additions) it is called "* Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

BALOW, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe:
If thouſt be ſilent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful ſad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe,
It greives me ſair to ſee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his ſugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did nat appeire:
But now I ſee, moſt cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly ſtil, my darling, ſleipe a while,
And whan thou wakeſt, ſweitly ſmile:
But ſmile nat, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuſe, but ever wil
Be luving to thy father ſtil:
Whair-eir he gaes, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun ſtil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae,
Balow, &c.

Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, ſin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winſome ſmiles maun eiſe my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan cares doe greive:
My babe and I right ſaft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falſeſt youth,
That evir kiſt a womans mouth!
I wiſh all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to truſt mans curteſy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le uſe us than they care nae how.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil, and ſleipe,
It greives me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The cataſtrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate huſband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the ſubject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which ſuch an event would naturally ſtrike the ſubjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthleſs young man, of weak underſtanding, and diſſolute morals. But the beauty of his perſon, and the inexperience of his youth, would diſpoſe mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the moſt tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all thoſe virtues, he ought to have poſſeſſed. This will account for the extravagant elogium beſtowed upon him in the firſt ſtanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley, was eldeſt ſon of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princeſs married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21ſt year, when he was married Feb. 9. 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of reſpect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

Margaret was Sister to Hen. 8

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) ſeems to have been written ſoon after Mary's eſcape into England in 1568, ſee v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5. that this princeſs was Q. dowager of France, having been firſt married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4. 1560.

WOE worth, woe worth thee, falſe Scotlànde!
For thou haſt ever wrought by ſleighte;
The worthyeſt prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And ſealed it with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And ſhee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleaſant thing,
To be a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and ſoe have I,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
And David Riccio was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had riſen forth of his place,
Hee wold have ſate him downe i' th' chaire,
Although it beſeemed him not ſo well,
And though the kinge were preſent there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
And I ſhall tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene ſhee ſaw her chamberlaine ſlaine
For him her faire cheeks ſhee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and ſhee wold not come in one ſheete.

Then ſome of the lords they waxed wroth,
And made their vow all vehementlye ;
That for the death of the chamberlaine,
How hee, the king himſelfe ſholde dye.

With gun-powder they ſtrewed his roome,
And layd greene ruſhes in his waye ;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne ;
To take his reſt was his deſire ;
He was noe ſooner caſt on ſleepe,
But his chamber was on a blaſing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall ;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
All underneath the caſtle wall.

Who have we here ? lord Bodwell ſayd :
Now anſwer me, that I may know.
" King Henry the eighth my uncle was ;
For his ſweete ſake ſome pitty ſhow."

Who have we here? lord Bodwell ſayd,
Now anſwer me when I doe ſpeake.
"Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much, hee ſayd,
And as much favour ſhow to thee;
As thou didſt to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedſt him to dye.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and caſtles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hangd him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard,
How that the worthye king was ſlaine;
He perſued the queen ſo bitterlye,
That in Scotland ſhee dare not remaine.

But ſhe is fledd into merry England,
And here her reſidence hath tane;
And through the queene of Englands grace,
In England now ſhee doth remaine.

XV.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they diſplay no rich vein of poetry, are yet ſo ſtrongly characteriſtic of their great and ſpirited authoreſs, that the inſertion of them will be pardoned. They are preſerved in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poeſie; a book in which are many ſly addreſſes to the queen's foible of ſhining as a poeteſs. The extraordinary manner in which theſe verſes are introduced, ſhews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of thoſe times, viz.

" *I find, ſays this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-*
" *liſh metre, ſo well maintaining this figure* [Exargaſia, *or*
" *the Gorgeous, Lat.* Expolitio] *as that dittie of her majeſties*
" *owne making, paſſing ſweete and harmonicall; which figure*
" *beyng as his very originall name purporteth the moſt bew-*
" *tifull and gorgious of all others, it aſketh in reaſon to be*
" *reſerved for a laſt complement, and deſciphred by a ladies*
" *penne, herſelfe beyng the moſt bewtifull, or rather bewtie*
" *of queenes*. And this was the occaſion: our ſoveraigne*
" *lady perceiving how the Scottiſh queenes reſidence within*
" *this realme at ſo great libertie and eaſe (as were ſkarce*
" *meete for ſo great and dangerous a pryſoner) bred ſecret*
" *factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie*
" *incline to favour her partie: ſome of them deſirous of in-*
" *novation in the ſtate: others aſpiring to greater fortunes*
" *by her libertie and life. The queene our ſoveraigne ladie*
" *to declare that ſhe was nothing ignorant of thoſe ſecret*
" *practizes, though ſhe had long with great wiſdome and*
" *pacience*

* *She was at this time near threeſcore.*

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that was between the Scots and Engliſh, before the acceſſion of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here ſo circumſtantially related does not appear to have had the leaſt foundation in hiſtory, but was probably built upon ſome confuſed hearſay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conſpiracies formed by different factions to get poſſeſſion of his perſon. It ſhould ſeem from ver. 102, to have been written during the regency, or at leaſt before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed Jun. 2. 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preſerved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled "A new Ballad, declaring the great treaſon conſpired againſt the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an Engliſh-man which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the ſame. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-ſleeves." At the end is ſubjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON. "*Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over againſt Ch. Church,*" *in black letter, folio.*

This ELDERTON, *who had been originally an attorney in the ſheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious ſuddling companion, whoſe tippling and his rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular ſongs and ballads; and probably other pieces in theſe volumes beſides*

beſides the following, are of his compoſing. He is believed to have fallen a martyr to his bottle before the year 1592. *His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and tranſlated by Oldys.*

Hic ſitus eſt ſitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic ſitus eſt? hic potius ſitis eſt.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he ſtill is dry:
So of him it may well be ſaid,
Here he, but not his thirſt is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [*Guild-hall.*]—*Biogr. Brit.* [DRAYTON, *by Oldys, Note B.*] *Ath. Ox.*—*Cambd. Remains.*—*The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems,* 8*vo.* 1653.

'OUT alas!' what a grieſe is this
That princes ſubjects cannot be true,
But ſtill the devill hath ſome of his,
Will play their parts whatſoever enſue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing,
It is to offend the anointed kinge?
Alas for woe, why ſhould it be ſo,
This makes a ſorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to ſee:
Yet that unluckie country ſtill,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitſun eve it ſo befell,
A poſſet was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurſe hard tell,
And that it was a poyſoned thing.
She cryed, and called pitеouſlie:
Now help, or els the king ſhall die!
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an Engliſh man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his ſword, and beſtir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haſte to flie:
But all the doores were made ſo faſt,
Out of a window he got at laſt.
Alas for woe, &c.

He met the biſhop coming faſt,
Having the poſſet in his hande:
The ſight of Browne made him aghaſt,
Who bad him ſtoutly ſtaie and ſtand.
With him were two that ranne away,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, &c.

Biſhop, quoth Browne, what haſt thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, ſayde he;
But a poſſet to make the king good cheere.
Is it ſo? ſayd Browne, that will I ſee,

Firſt I will have thyſelf begin,
Before thou goe any further in;
Be it weale or woe it ſhall be ſo,
This makes a ſorrowful heigh ho.

The biſhop ſayde, Browne I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will beſtowe:
Let me go on take thee no care.
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all chriſtiantie,
Happe well or woe, it ſhall be ſo,
Drink now with a ſorrowfull, &c.

The biſhop dranke, and by and by,
His belly burſt and he fell downe:
A juſt rewarde for his traitery.
This was a poſſet indeed, quoth Browne!
He ſerched the biſhop and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did pleaſe.
Alas for woe, &c.

As ſoon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And prayſed God that he did miſse
To taſt of that extremity;
For that he did perceave and know,
His clergie would betray him ſo:
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he ſaid, unhappie realme,
My father and godfather ſlaine:
My mother baniſhed, O extreame!
Unhappy fate and bitter bayne!
And now like treaſon wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurſe to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And truſtie Browne too in like caſe,
He knighted him, with gallant geere;
And gave him 'lands and' livings great,
For dooing ſuch a manly feat,
As he did ſhowe, to the biſhop's woe,
Which made, &c.

When all this treaſon done and paſt,
Tooke not effect of traytery;
Another treaſon at the laſt,
They ſought againſt his majeſtie:
How they might make their kinge away:
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.

'Another

V. 67. *His father was Henry lord Darnley. His godfather were the duke of Savoy: and Charles IX. king of France, but neither of theſe were murdered.*

'Another time' to ſell the king
Beyonde the ſeas they had decreede:
Three noble earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the ſame with ſpeede.
For a letter came, with ſuch a charme,
That they ſhould doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did ſoe,
Would make a ſorrowful heigh hoe.

The earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heede you do not offend the king;
But ſhew yourſelves like honeſt men
Obediently in every thing:
For his godmother * will not ſee
Her noble childe miſus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be ſo
She will make, &c.

God graunt all ſubjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no ſuch daunger may enſue,
To put the prince or ſtate in feare:
That God the higheſt king may ſee
Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be ſo
To avoide the ſorrowful heigh ho.

* *Q. Elizabeth*

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A Scottish Song.

In December 1591, *Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell ha made an attempt to ſeize on the perſon of his ſovereign Jame VI. but being diſappointed, had retired towards the north The king unadviſedly gave a commiſſion to George Gordon ea of Huntley, to perſue Bothwell and his followers with fi and ſword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commi ſion, took occaſion to revenge a private quarrel he had again James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's In the night of Feb.* 7. 1592, *he beſet Murray's houſe, burn it to the ground, and ſlew Murray himſelf; a young nobl man of the moſt promiſing virtues, and the very darling the people. See Robertſon's Hiſt.*

The preſent lord Murray hath now in his poſſeſſion a pictu of his anceſtor naked and covered with wounds, which ha been carried about, according to the cuſtom of that age, order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If th picture did not flatter, he well deſerved the name of t BONNY EARL, *for he is there repreſented as a tall an comely perſonage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gord of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half ex piring ſaid, "You hae ſpilt a better face than your awin Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breaſ ſwore, "You ſhall be as deep as I;" and forced him pierce the poor defenceleſs body.*

James did not ſufficiently exert himſelf in puniſhing t murderers, but I know not any reaſon for ſuppoſing he wa jealous of Murray with his queen.

Y

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! whair hae ye been?
They hae ſlaine the earl of Murray,
And hae layd him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And whairfore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba';
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the caſtle downe,
Ere ſhe ſee the earl of Murray
Cum ſounding throw the towne.

XVIII.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, *the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farneſe prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many ſtrong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the Engliſh* GAUNT,*) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p.* 711. *Some attempt made with the aſſiſtance of Engliſh volunteers to retrieve the former of thoſe places probably gave occaſion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in hiſtory, but the following rhymes render her famous among our poets. Ben Jonſon often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicœne, firſt acted in* 1609. *Act* 4. *ſc.* 2. *His Tale of a Tub, Act* 1. *ſc.* 4. *And his maſque intitled The Fortunate Iſles,* 1626, *where he quotes the very words of the ballad,*

—— MARY AMBREE,
(Who marched ſo free
To the ſiege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is alſo mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 2. *ſub finem.*

—— "*My large gentlewoman, my* MARY AMBREE, "*had I but ſeen into you, you ſhould have had another bout "fellow.*"——

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another in the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death colde not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battele was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major * was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett had shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree.

* *So MS.* Serjeant Major *in PC.*

Then tooke ſhee her ſworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all ſuch as wolde, bee of her band
To wayt on her perſon came thouſand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny laſs, Mary Ambree?

My ſouldiers ſo valiant and faithfull, ſhee ſayd,
Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd;
Still formoſt in battel myſelfe will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her ſouldiers, and thus they did ſay,
Soe well thou becomeſt this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons ſoe well doe agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her ſouldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and ſtandard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that ſounded ſo free;
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will ſee the worſt of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture ſo free;
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her ſouldiers in battel arraye,
Gainſt three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in ſkirmiſh continued ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

She filled the ſkyes with the ſmoke of her ſhott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts ſoe hott;
For one of her owne men a ſcore killed ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

And when her falſe gunner, to ſpoyle her intent,
Away all her pelletts and powder had ſpent,
Straight with her keen weapon ſhee ſlaſht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Being falſelye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length ſhe was forced to make a retyre;
Then her ſoldiers into a ſtrong caſtle drew ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beſett her on every ſide,
As thinking cloſe ſiege ſhee cold never abide;
To beate down her walles they all did decree;
But ſtoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke ſhee her ſword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did ſtand,
There daring the captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now ſaye, Engliſh captaine, what woldeſt thou give
To ranſome thy ſelfe, which elſe muſt not live?
Come yield thyſelfe quicklye, or ſlaine thou muſt bee.
Then ſmiled ſweetlye, faire Mary Ambree.

Now captaines couragious, of valour ſoe bold,
Whom thinke you before you that you doe behold?
A knight, ſir, of England, and captaine ſoe free,
Who ſhortelye with us a priſoner muſt bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your ſight
Two breſts in my boſome, and therfore noe knight:
Noe knight, ſirs, of England, nor captaine you ſee,
But a poor ſimple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou doſt declare,
Whoſe valour hath provd ſoe undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield ſuch brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree?

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and ſued her his miſtreſs to bee,
And offerd rich preſents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden deſpiſed them all,
Ile nere ſell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of Englande, ſir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country ſhee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in ſcorne:
Therfore Engliſh captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XIX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, *distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the common people.*

" *My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was* " *one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . he was a great* " *master of the art military. . . . . I have heard it spoken,* " *that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to* " *the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of* " *her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no* " *good, that he was none of the* REPTILIA; *intimating,* " *that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court* " *was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great soul-* " *dier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could net* " *brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.*" *See Naunton's fragm. Regal.*

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601. *See his character in Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.— Both the names of Norris and Turner are famous among those of the military men of that age.*

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy.

THE

THE fifteenth day of July,
With gliſtering ſpear and ſhield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The moſt couragious officers
Were Engliſh captains three,
But the braveſt man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee;
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thouſand then
Upon the bloody ſhore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And ſhoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You muſquet and callìver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formoſt man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did aſſail,
And fought it out moſt furiouſly,
Not doubting to prevail;
The wounded men on both ſides fell
Moſt pitious for to ſee,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For ſeven hours to all mens view
This fight endured ſore,
Until our men ſo feeble grew
That they could fight no more,
And then upon dead horſes
Full ſavourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed ſo freely
They kneeled on the ground,
And praiſed God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard
A thouſand more they ſlew.

The ſharp ſteel pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant ſoldiers
Charge on moſt furiouſly;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it beſt to flee,
They fear'd the ſtout behaviour
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then quoth the Spaniſh general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we ſhall be ſpoiled all
If here we longer ſtay;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men perſued couragiouſly,
And caught their forces quite;
But at laſt they gave a ſhout,
Which ecchoed through the ſky,
God, and St. George for England!
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the ſpeed might be,
And ſoon our gracious queen was told
Of this ſame victory:
O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To th' ſouldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allow'd a penſion
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all coſts and charges
She quit and ſet them free,
And this ſhe did all for the ſake
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Engliſhmen,
And never be diſmaid,
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And ſet our nation free;
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

XX.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral ſonnet hath ſuch a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its compoſition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid "and Death, a maſque by J. S. [James Shirley] preſented "Mar. 26. 1653. London printed 1653." 4to.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every ſhore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you proud monarchs muſt obey,
And mingle with forgotten aſhes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's ſervile emiſſaries are;
Nor to theſe alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and ſubtle wayes to kill;
A ſmile or kiſs, as he will uſe the art,
Shall have the cunning ſkill to break a heart.

XXI.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The ſubject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, *(called by our ſailors corruptly* Cales) *on June* 21. 1596, *in a deſcent made on the coaſt of Spain, under the command of the lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Eſſex general.*

The valour of Eſſex was not more diſtinguiſhed on this occaſion than his generoſity: the town was carried ſword in hand, but he ſtopt the ſlaughter as ſoon as poſſible, and treated his priſoners with the greateſt humanity and even affability and kindneſs. The Engliſh made a rich plunder in the city, but miſt of a much richer, by the reſolution, which the duke of Medina the Spaniſh admiral took, of ſetting fire to the ſhips, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loſs, which the Spaniards ſuſtained in this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hiſt.

The earl of Eſſex knighted on this occaſion not fewer than ſixty perſons, which gave riſe to the following ſarcaſm,

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and ſeems to have been compoſed by ſome perſon, who was concerned in the expedition. Moſt of the circumſtances related in it will be found ſupported by hiſtory.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conqueſts,
Threatning our country with fire and ſword,

Often

Often preparing their navy moſt ſumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus ſtrike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Engliſhman comes.

To the ſeas haſtily went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good;
The brave earl of Eſſex, a proſperous general,
With him prepared to paſs the ſalt flood.
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth ſpeedilye, took they ſhip valiantlye,
Braver ſhips never were ſeen under ſayle,
With their fair colours ſpread, and ſtreamers o'er their head,
Now bragging Spaniard take heed of your tayle.
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we moſt ſpeedilye,
Where the kinges navy ſecurelye did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of ſacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming deſcry'd.
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that ſeaſon was made in that place;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
To hyde their great treaſure they had little ſpace.
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might ſee their ſhips, how they were fyred faſt,
And how their men drowned themſelves in the ſea;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteouſly
When they ſaw no ſhift to ſcape thence away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and ſunk in the ſea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The earl of Eſſex moſt valiant and hardye,
With horſemen and footmen march'd up to the town;
The Spanyards, which ſaw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their ſafety, and durſt not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl, courage my ſoldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the ſpoil you ſhall have;
And bè well rewarded all from the great to the ſmall,
But ſee the women and children you ſave.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne;
We marched in preſentlye, decking the walls on high,
With Engliſh colours which purchas'd renowne.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houſes then, of the moſt richeſt men,
For gold and treaſure we ſearched each day;
In ſòme places wè did find, pyès baking left behind,
Meate at fire roſting and folk run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rych merchandize, every ſhop catch'd our eye
Damaſks and ſattens and velvets full fayre;
Whìch ſoldiers mèaſured out by' the length òf their ſwor
Of all commodities each had his ſhare.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
Marched to the market place, where he did ſtand;
There many priſoneres fell to our ſeveral ſhares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general ſaw they delayed all,
And would not ranſome their towne as they ſaid,
With their fair wanſcots, their preſſes and bedſteds,
Their joint-ſtools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad moſt probably took its riſe from one of thoſe deſcents made on the Spaniſh coaſts in the time of queen Elizabeth: in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

Printed from an ancient black letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spaniſh lady,
How ſhe wooed an Engliſh man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels ſhe had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was ſhe,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his priſoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faſter
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing ſhe was not coy.

But at laſt there came commandment
For to ſet the ladies free,
With their jewels ſtill adorned,
None to do them inju y.
Then ſaid this lady mild, Full woe is me,
O let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, ſhew ſome pity
To a ladye in diſtreſse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavineſſe:
Thou haſt ſet this preſent day my body free,
But my heart in priſon ſtill remains with thée.

"How ſhould'ſt thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowſt thy countrys foe?
Thy fair wordes make me ſuſpect thee:
"Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wiſhe to thee, moſt courteous knight,
God grant the ſame upon my head may fully light.

Bleſſed be the time and ſeaſon,
That you came on Spaniſh ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

"R

" Reſt you ſtill, moſt gallant lady ;
Reſt you ſtill, and weep no more ;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous ſtore."
paniards fraught with jealouſy we oft do find,
ut Engliſh men throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoyſt my heart ;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewiſe my deſert :
till to ſerve thee day and night my mind is preſt ;
he wife of every Engliſh man is counted bleſt.

" It would be a ſhame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence ;
Engliſh ſoldiers never carry
Any ſuch without offence."
'll quickly change myſelf, if it be ſo,
nd like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go,

" I have neither gold nor ſilver
To maintain thee in this caſe,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
y chains and jewels every one ſhall be thy own,
nd eke *ten thouſand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

* 500. *MS.*

" On the ſeas are many dangers,
Many ſtorms do there ariſe,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I ſhall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to loſe my life for thee.

" Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the ſtrife;
I in England have already
A ſweet woman to my wife;
I will not falſify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the faireſt dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys ſo true a friend!
Many happy days God ſend her;
Of my ſuit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection firſt commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And theſe bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was ſo bold:
All my jewels in like ſort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will

I will ſpend my days in prayer.
Love and all his laws defye;
In a nunnery will I ſhrowd mee,
Far from any companye:
ut ere my prayers have an end, be ſure of this,
o pray for thee and for thy love I will not miſs.

Thus farewell, moſt gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spaniſh ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
oy and true proſperity goe ſtill with thee!
he like fall ever to thy ſhare, moſt fair ladie.

XXIII.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN,

—*Is extracted from an ancient hiſtorical poem in XIII* ooks, *intitled* ALBION'S ENGLAND *by* WILLIAM WAR-ER: "*An author, (ſays a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his ſubject, and meaſure of his verſe. His poem is an epitome of the Britiſh hiſtory, and written with great learning, ſenſe, and ſpirit. In ſome places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the enſuing epiſode* [*of Argentile and Cuean*]. *A tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taſte, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in ſtile*;

" *in ſhort, one of the moſt beautiful paſtorals I ever met with.*" [*Muſes library* 8*vo.* 1738.] *To this elogium nothing can be objected, unleſs perhaps an affected quaintneſs in ſome of his expreſſions, and an indelicacy in ſome of his paſtoral images.*

WARNER *is ſaid to have been a Warwickſhire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall* *: *in the latter part of his life he was retained in the ſervice of Henry Cary lord Hunſdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his hiſtory is not known. Tho' now his name is ſo ſeldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenſer, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age* †. *But Warner rather reſembled* OVID, *whoſe Metamorphoſis he ſeems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth full of lively digreſſions and entertaining epiſodes. And tho' he is ſometimes harſh, affected, and obſcure, he often diſplays a moſt charming and pathetic ſimplicity: as where he deſcribes Eleanor's harſh treatment of Roſamond:*

With that ſhe daſht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart, that gave the blow,
Soft were thoſe lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND *here followed was printed in* 4*to,* 1602; *ſaid in the title page to have been* " *firſt penned and publiſhed by William Warner, and now* " *reviſed and newly enlarged by the ſame author.*" *The ſtory of* ARGENTILE AND CURAN *is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however ſo much admired, that not many years after he publiſhed it, came out a larger poem on the ſame ſubject, in ſtanzas of ſix lines, intitled,* " *The moſt pleaſant and delightful hiſ-*" *torie of Curan a prince of Danſke, and the fayre princeſſe* " *Argentile,*

* *Athen. Oxon.* † *Ibid.*

Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, ſometime king of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER. *London 1617.*" *in* 8 *ſheets* 4*to. An indifferent paraphraſe of the following poem.*

Tho' here ſubdivided into ſtanzas. Warner's metre is the old-faſhioned alexandrine of 14 *ſyllables. The reader therefore muſt not expect to find the cloſe of the ſtanzas conſulted in the pauſes.*

THE Brutons 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diverſly in diver broyles
The Saxons loſt and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne;
In loyal concorde during life,
Theſe kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright ſhould leave his life,
To Edel thus he ſayes;
By thoſe ſame bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine;
By God, to whom my ſoule muſt paſſe,
And ſo in time may thine;

I pray

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nouriſh, as thine owne,
Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
Till ſhe to age be growne;
And then, as thou receiveſt it,
Reſigne to her my throne.

A promiſe had for his bequeſt,
The teſtatòr he dies;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates a time
The damſiell, that was growne
The faireſt lady under heaven;
Whoſe beautie being knowne,

A many princes ſeeke her love;
But none might her obtaine;
For grippell Edel to himſelfe
Her kingdome ſought to gaine;
And for that cauſe from ſight of ſuch
He did his ward reſtraine.

By chance one Curan, ſonne unto
A prince in Danſke, did ſee
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what ſhould he doe?
His ſaint was kept in mewe;
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himſelfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he may:

And ſtill againſt the kings reſtraint
Did ſecretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may diſobay,

Imbaſed him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That ſo at leaſt of life or death
She might become his judge.

Acceſſe ſo had to ſee and ſpeake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her anſwer was
She huſbandles would ſtay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,

So

So he by her might thrive ;
At laſt his reſolution was
Some peſſant ſhould her wive.

And (which was working to his wiſh)
He did obſerve with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.

The king, perceiving ſuch his veine,
Promotes his vaſſal ſtill,
Leſt that the baſeneſſe of the man
Should lett perhaps his will.

Aſſured therefore of his love,
But not ſuſpecting who
The lover was, the king himſelfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady reſolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So baſe a match agree :

And therefore ſhifting out of doores,
Departed thence by ſtealth ;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When

When Curan heard of her eſcape,
The anguiſh in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himſelfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he miſt)
The foundreſſe of his thralle.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or ſtately townes,
But ſolitarily to live
Amongſt the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleaſed ſo to live,
And ſhepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himſelfe did wholly give.

So waſting, love, by worke, and want,
Grew almoſt to the waine:
But then began a ſecond love,
The worſer of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his ſheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
Was all the ſhepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy ruſſets oft,
And of the bacon fat, to make
His ſtartopes blacke and ſoft.

And leaſt his tarbox ſhould offend,
He left it at the folde.
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
As much as it might hold.

A ſheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheeſe as white as ſnow,
And wildings, or the ſeaſons fruit
He did in ſcrip beſtow.

And whilſt his py-bald curre did ſleepe,
And ſheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten ſtraw
He piped melody.

But when he ſpyed her his faint,
He whip'd his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the ſhepheard wooes.

" I have, ſweet wench, a peece of cheeſe,
" As good as tooth may chaw,
" And bread and wildings ſouling well,
(And therewithall did draw

His larderie) " in eating, ſee,
" Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
" Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou,
" If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elviſh, faith thou art,
" Too elviſh and too coy.
" Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
" That ſuch a flocke enjoy ?

" I wis I am not: yet that thou
" Doeſt hold me in diſdaine
" Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
" To all that keepe this plaine.

" There be as quaint (at leaſt that thinke
" Themſelves as quaint) that crave
" The match, that thou, I wot not why,
" Maiſt, but miſlik'ſt to have.

" How wouldſt thou match ? (for well I wot,
" Thou art a female) I
" Her ' knew I not e'er,' that willingly
" With maiden-head would die.

" The plowmans labour hath no end,
" And he a churle will prove :
" The craftſman hath more worke in hand
" Then fitteth unto love :

" The

" The marchant, traffiquing abroad,
" Suſpects his wife at home :
" A youth will play the wanton ; and
" An old man prove a mome.

" Then chuſe a ſhepheard : with the un
" He doth his flocke unfold,
" And all the day on hill or plaine
" He merrie chat can hold ;

" And with the ſun doth folde againe ;
" Then jogging home betime
" He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
" Or ſings ſome merrie ryme.

" Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilſt round
" The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;
" And ſitteth ſinging care-away,
" Till he to bed be got :

" Theare ſleepes he ſoundly all the night,
" Forgetting morrow-cares ;
" Nor feares he blaſting of his corne,
" Nor uttering of his wares ;

" Or ſtormes by ſeas, or ſtirres on land,
" Or cracke of credit loſt :
" Not ſpending franklier than his flocke
" Shall ſtill defray the coſt.

" Wel

" Well wot I, ſooth they ſay, that ſay
" More quiet nights and daies
" The ſhepheard ſleeps and wakes, than he
" Whoſe cattel he doth graize.

" Beleeve me, laſſe, a king is but
" A man, and ſo am I :
" Content is worth a monarchie,
" And miſchiefs hit the hie ;

" As late it did a king and his
" Not dwelling far from hence,
" Who left a daughter, ſave thyſelfe,
" For fair a matchleſs wench."——
Here did he pauſe, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatreſſe, longing for the reſt,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was.
" She bore, quoth he, the bell

" For beautie : though I clowniſh am,
" I know what beautie is ;
" Or did I not, at ſeeing thee,
" I ſenceles were to mis.

* * *

" Her ſtature comely, tall; her gate
" Well graced; and her wit
" To marvell at, not meddle with,
" As matchleſs I omit.

" A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
" A forehead ſmooth, and hie,
" An even noſe, on either ſide
" Did ſhine a grayiſh eie:

" Two roſie cheekes, round ruddy lips,
" White juſt-ſet teeth within;
" A mouth in meane; and underneathe
" A round and dimpled chin.

" Her ſnowie necke, with blewiſh veines,
" Stood bolt upright upon
" Her portly ſhoulders: beating balles
" Her veined breaſts, anon

" Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
" Her middle falling ſtill,
" And riſing whereas women riſe: * * *
" — Imagine nothing ill.

" And more, her long, and limber armes
" Had white and azure wriſts;
" And ſlender fingers aunſwere to
" Her ſmooth and lillie fiſts.

" A legge in print, a pretie foot;
" Conjecture of the reſt:
" For amorous eies, obſerving forme,
" Think parts obſcured beſt.

" With theſe O raretie! with theſe
" Her tong of ſpeech was ſpare;
" But ſpeaking, Venus ſeem'd to ſpeake,
" The balle from Ide to bear.

" With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
" Herſelfe contends in face;
" Wheare equall mixture did not want
" Of milde and ſtately grace,

" Her ſmiles were ſober, and her lookes
" Were chearefull unto all:
" Even ſuch as neither wanton ſeeme,
" Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

" A quiet minde, a patient moode,
" And not diſdaining any;
" Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and
" Sweete faculties had many.

" A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie;
" Might praiſe, might wiſh, might ſee;
" For life, for love, for forme; more good,
" More worth, more faire than ſhee.

" Yea ſuch an one, as ſuch was none,
" Save only ſhe was ſuch :
" Of Argentile to ſay the moſt
" Were to be ſilent much."

I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of ſuch praiſe,
The neatreſſe ſaid : and muſe I do,
A ſhepheard thus ſhould blaze
The coote of beautie. Credit me,
Thy latter ſpeech bewraies.

Thy clowniſh ſhape a coined ſhew.
But wherefore doſt thou weepe ?
The ſhepheard wept, and ſhe was woe,
And both doe ſilence keepe.

" In troth, quoth he, I am not ſuch,
" As ſeeming I profeſſe :
" But then for her, and now for thee,
" I from myſelfe digreſſe.

" Her loved I (wretch that I am
" A recreant to be)
" I loved her, that hated love,
" But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my fathers court,
" And Curan is my name,

" In Edels court ſometimes in pompe,
" Till love contrould the ſame:

" But now—what now?—dear heart, how now?
" What aileſt thou to weepe?"
The damſell wept, and he was woe,
And both did ſilence keepe.

I graunt, quoth ſhe, it was too much
That you did love ſo much:
But whom your former could not move,
Your ſecond love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love preſents
Herſelf a ſingle fee,
In paſſion, not in perſon chaung'd,
And I my lord am ſhe.

They ſweetly ſurfeiting in joy,
And ſilent for a ſpace,
When as the extaſie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding, and their wiſh
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengiſt then
Was named ſo this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight;

His force could none withſtand:
Whoſe ſheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

Firſt, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
Bernicia * too in fight:

And ſo from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

* * *During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (conſiſting of 6 counties) was for a long time divided into two leſſer ſovereignties, viz. Deïra (called here Diria which contained the ſouthern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending thoſe which lay north.*

XXIV.

CORIN's FATE.

Only the three firſt ſtanzas of this ſong are ancient; they are extracted from the quarto MS. mentioned in vol. 1. p. 6. As they ſeemed to want application, this has been attempted in a modern hand.

CORIN

CORIN, moſt unhappie ſwaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger in the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Foreſts tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes ſubject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to ſhun all plaine, and hill,
Foreſt, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as ſurely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapleſs Corins fate;
Since my waywarde love begunne
Equall doubts begett debate
What to ſeeke, and what to ſhunne.

Spare to ſpeke, and ſpare to ſpeed;
Yet to ſpeke will move diſdaine:
If I ſee her not I bleed,
Yet her ſight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, ſhepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's ſharpeſt hell.

XXV.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning th celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been mor perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens, the one has delineated the features o her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied a original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length o the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistak relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thom More's *history of Rich. III. written in* 1513, *about thir years after the death of Edw. IV.*

" *Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for cov*
" *tise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (s*
" *her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al th*
" *ever she had, (above the value of* 2 *or* 3 *thousand mark*
" *and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while lai*
" *unto her for the maner sake, that she went about to bewit*
" *him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberl*
" *to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fa*
" *ten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her cha*
" *the thing that herself could not deny, that al the world w*
" *was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to he*
" *it then so sodainly so highly taken, — that she was naug*
" *of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly contine*
" *prince, clene and faultles of himself, sent oute of heaven in*
" *this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners)*
" *caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, g*
" *ing before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a tap*
"

" *in her hand. In which ſhe went in countenance and pace*
" *demure ſo womanly; and albeit ſhe was out of al array*
" *ſave her kyrtle only, yet went ſhe ſo fair and lovely, namelye*
" *while the wondering of the people caſte a comly rud in her*
" *chekes (of which ſhe before had moſt miſſe) that her great*
" *ſhame wan her much praiſe among thoſe that were more*
" *amorous of her body, then curious of her ſoule. And many*
" *good folke alſo, that hated her living, and glad wer to ſe*
" *ſin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced*
" *therin, when thei conſidred that the protector procured it*
" *more of a corrupt intent, then ani vertuous affeccion.*

" *This woman was born in London, worſhipfully frended,*
" *honeſtly brought up, and very wel maryed, ſaving ſome-*
" *what to ſoone; her huſbande an honeſt citizen, yonge, and*
" *goodly, and of good ſubſtance. But foraſmuche, as they*
" *were coupled ere ſhe wer wel ripe, ſhe not very fervently*
" *loved, for whom ſhe never longed. Which was happely*
" *the thinge, that the more eaſily made her encline unto the*
" *king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the reſpect*
" *of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, eaſe, pleſure and*
" *other wanton welth, was able ſoone to perſe a ſoft tender*
" *hearte. But when the king had abuſed her, anon her*
" *huſband (as he was an honeſt man and one that could his*
" *good, not preſuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up*
" *to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamber-*
" *len [Haſtings] toke her* *: which in the kinges daies, albeit*
" *he was ſore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either*
" *for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulnes.*

" *Proper*

* *After the death of Haſtings, ſhe was kept by the marquis of Dorſet, ſon to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's dated at Leiceſter Oct. 23. 1483. wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late "marquis of Dorſet," who "not having the fear of God, nor the ſal-"vation of his own ſoul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and "defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and* LIVED IN ACTUAL "ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE." *Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorſet was not with him, Richard could not accuſe him of treaſon, and therefore made a handle of theſe pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended.*

" *Proper ſhe was, and faire: nothing in her body that you*
" *wold have changed, but if you would have wiſhed her*
" *ſomewhat higher. Thus ſay thei that knew her in her*
" *youthe. Albeit ſome that* NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
" LIVETH) *deme her never to have bene wel viſaged. Whoſe*
" *jugement ſeemeth me ſomewhat like, as though men ſhould*
" *geſſe the bewty of one longe before departed, by her ſcalpe*
" *taken out of the charnel houſe; for now is ſhe old, lene,*
" *withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde ſkin, and*
" *hard bone. And yet being even ſuch, whoſo wel adviſe*
" *her viſage, might geſſe and deviſe which partes how filled,*
" *wold make it a faire face.*

" *Yet delited not men ſo much in her bewty, as in her plea-*
" *ſant behaviour. For a proper wit had ſhe, and could both*
" *rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of*
" *aunſwer, neither mute nor ful of bable; ſometime taunting*
" *without diſpleaſure, and not without diſport. The king*
" *would ſay, That he had three concubines, which in three*
" *divers properties diverſly excelled. One the merieſt, another*
" *the wilieſt, the thirde the holieſt harlot in his realme, as one*
" *whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place,*
" *but it wer to his bed. The other two were ſomwhat*
" *greater perſonages, and natheles of their humilitè content*
" *to be nameles, and to forbere the praiſe of thoſe properties,*
" *but the merieſt was this Shoris wife, in whom the king*
" *therfore toke ſpecial pleaſure. For many he had, but her he*
" *loved, whoſe favour to ſai the trouth (for ſinne it wer to*
" *belie the devil) ſhe never abuſed to any mans hurt, but to*
" *many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke*
" *diſpleaſure, ſhe would mitigate and appeaſe his mind:*
" *where men were out of favour, ſhe wold bring them in his*
" *grace: for many, that had highly offended, ſhee obtained*
" *pardon: of great forfeitures ſhe gate men remiſſion: and*
" *finally in many weighty ſutes ſhe ſtode many men in gret*
" *ſtede, either for none or very ſmal rewardes, and thoſe rather*
" *gay than rich: either for that ſhe was content with the*
" *dede ſelfe well done, or for that ſhe delited to be ſued unto,*
" *and to ſhow what ſhe was able to do wyth the king, or for*
" *that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.*

" *I*

"*I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing*
"*to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great*
"*matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal*
"*esteme her only by that thei* NOW SEE HER. *But me semeth*
"*the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in*
"*how much she is* NOW *in the more beggerly condicion, un-*
"*frended and worne out of acquaintance, after good sub-*
"*stance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete*
"*sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had*
"*busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times,*
"*which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes.*
"*Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse*
"*remembred becauſe thei were not so evil. For men use, if*
"*they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso*
"*doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not*
"*worst proved by her; for* AT THIS DAYE *shee beggeth of*
"*many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if*
"*shee had not bene.*" *See More's workes, folio bl. let.* 1557.
pag. 56, 57.

DRAYTON *has written a poetical epiſtle from this lady to her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her portrait.* "*Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow,*
"*her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony be-*
"*ing betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's*
"*colour, her body fat, white and ſmooth, her countenance*
"*cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I*
"*have ſeen of hers was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bed in the*
"*morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle caſt under*
"*one arme over her ſhoulder, and ſitting on a chaire, on*
"*which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was,*
"*or where ſhe was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore*
"*a young man of right goodly perſon, wealth and behaviour,*
"*abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine.*
"*Richard III. cauſing her to do open penance in Paul's church*
"*-yard,* COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE
"HER, *which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to*
"*ſinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might*
"*cover*

I have a Print of her from one of these Pictures in Mezzotinto: which Picture or Pictures, I suppose, Mich: Drayton had seen, as describing an original Picture of her still remains in the Provost ons Lodge, & another in that of the Provost of King's ge in Cambridge, to both which Foundations she is ed to have done friendly Offices with Edw: 4.

" *cover his horrible treaſons the more cunningly.*" *See England's Heroical epiſtles by Mich. Drayton Eſq; Lond.* 1637. 12*mo.*

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is " *The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldſmith's wife in London, ſometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of* LIVE WITH ME, *&c.* [*See the next vol.*] *To every ſtanza is annexed the following burthen,*

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Roſamonde that was ſo faire,
Had cauſe her ſorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with ſorrowe ſing,
That was beloved of a king,

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends deſir'd.

My parents they for thirſt of gaine,
A huſband for me did obtaine;
And I their pleaſure to fulfille
Was forc'd to wedd againſt my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till luſt brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye ſpent,
Which makes my ſoul for to lament.

In

In Lombard-ſtreet I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witneſs welle,
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a ſhop of golde.

I ſpred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some ſweet and ſecret friende to wooe,
Becauſe chaſt love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At laſt my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he deſir'd:

Yet miſtreſs Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whoſe friendſhip I eſteemed deare,
Did ſaye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her perſuaſions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded huſband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made ſo ſweet a choice;
And therefore did my ſtate reſigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleaſures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the ſecrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in ſhort ſpace
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in ſhort time
I made unto promotion climbe;
But yet for all this coſtlye pride,
My huſbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did ſting;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life beyond the ſea.

He could not live to ſee his name
Impaired by my wanton ſhame;
Although a prince of peerleſſe might
Did reape the pleaſure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great ſorte,
And when I ſmil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe ſad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helpleſſe people, that were poore;
I ſtill redreſt the orphans crye,
And ſav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I ſtill had ruth on widowes tears,
I ſuccour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At laſt my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were ſoon put downe.

I then was puniſht for my ſin,
That I ſo long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to ſhamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a ſtrumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-ſtreet,
In ſhamefull manner in a ſheet.

Where many thouſands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul diſgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none ſhould me relieve,
Nor any ſuccour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had ſent,
In hope therebye to eaſe my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew ſcant.

But ſhe denyed to me the ſame
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores ſhee did me ſhove.

So love did vaniſh with my ſtate,
Which now my ſoul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendſhip parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the reſt,
Whom I before had ſeen diſtreſt,
And ſav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to ſuccour me.

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me ſo much more,
Than had I dyed myſelf therefore.

Then thoſe to whom I had done good,
Durſt not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And ſtill in ſtreets by night I lay.

My gowns beſet with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to ſimple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathſome things.

Thus was I ſcorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading ſuch a wicked life;
Both ſucking babes, and children ſmall,
Did make their paſtime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but ſuch as channels yield,
Or ſtinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital ſtrength,
Within a ditch of loathſome ſcent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now ſince my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers ſaye *;

* *But it had this name long before; being ſo called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.*

Which is a witneſs of my ſinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to luſt,
Be you aſſur'd that God is juſt;
Whoredome ſhall not eſcape his hand,
Nor pride unpuniſh'd in this land.

If God to me ſuch ſhame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How ſhall they ſcape that daily run
To practiſe ſin with every one?

You huſbands, match not but for love,
Leſt ſome diſliking after prove;
Women be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to ſinful lives:
Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

The following old allegoric satire is printed from the editor's folio MS. This manner of moralizing, if not first adopted by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, *was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.*

On the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions.

*We learn from Wormius *, that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mention 136 different kinds, without including* RHYME, *or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.*

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these corresponding sounds might be placed either in the first, or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples †.

"Maire og minne
Mogu heimdaller."

"Gab ginunga
Enn gras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time

* *Literatura Runica. Hafniæ* 1636. *4to.* —1651. *fol.* The ISLANDIC *language is of the same origin as our* ANGLO-SAXON, *being both dialects of the ancient* GOTHIC *or* TEUTONIC. See "*Five pieces of Runic poetry translated from the Islandic language*" 1763." *8vo.*

† *Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom.* 1. *p.* 21

to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the reſt.

Their brethren the Anglo-ſaxon poets occaſionally uſed the ſame kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with ſimilar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an inſtance or two in modern characters: *

" Skeop tha and ſkyrede
Skyppend ure."

" Ham and heahſetl
Heofena rikes."

I know not however that there is any where extant an intire Saxon poem all in this meaſure. But diſtichs of this ſort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the verſification of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, *we ſhall find it conſtructed exactly by theſe rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a diſtich of two verſes, and will, I believe, be found diſtinguiſhed as ſuch, by ſome mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.*

" *In a ſomer ſeaſon,* | *when 'hot* † *was the ſunne,*
" *I ſhope me into ſhroubs,* | *as I a ſhepe were;*
" *In habite as an harmet* | *unholy of werkes,*
" *Went wyde in thys world* | *wonders to heare, &c.*

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of verſification, as ſome have ſuppoſed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aſide, but occaſionally uſed at different intervals; tho' the ravages of time will not ſuffer us now to produce a regular ſeries of poems entirely written in it.

There are ſome readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that theſe VISIONS OF PIERCE [*i. e. Peter*] *the* PLOWMAN, *are attributed to Robert Langland, a ſecular prieſt,*

 born

* *Ibid.*

† *So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'ſoyt' in MSS, or 'ſet' as in FCC.*

born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropſhire, and fellow o Oriel college in Oxford, who flouriſhed in the reigns of Ed ward III. and Richard II. and publiſhed his poem a fe years after 1350. *It conſiſts of xx* PASSUS *or Breaks* exhibiting a ſeries of viſions, which he pretends happened t him on Malvern hills in Worceſterſhire. The author excel in ſtrong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, ſpir and fancy cenſured moſt of the vices incident to the ſeveral pr feſſions of life; but he particularly inveighs againſt the corru tions of the clergy, and the abſurdities of ſuperſtition. Of th work I have now before me four different editions in bla letter quarto. Three of them are printed in* 1550 **by Rober Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne.** *It is remar able that two of theſe are mentioned in the title page as bo of the ſecond impreſſion, tho' they contain evident variatio in every page†. The other is ſaid to be* **newlye imprynted aft the authors olde copy .... by Owen Rogers,** *Feb.* 21. 15

As Langland was not the firſt, ſo neither was he the l that uſed this alliterative ſpecies of verſification. To R gers's edition of the Viſions is ſubjoined a poem, which w probably writ in imitation of them, intitled PIERCE TH PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. *It begins thus,*

"*Cros, and curteis Chriſt, this beginning ſpede*
"*For the faders frendſhipe, that fourmed heaven,*
"*And through the ſpecial ſpirit, that ſprong of hem twey*
"*And al in one godhed endles dwelleth.*"

* *The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word* PASS *adopted by the author, ſeems only to denote the break or divi between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer appli the parts themſelves.*

† *That which ſeems the firſt of the two, is thus diſtinguiſhe the title page,* **nowe the ſeconde tyme imprinted by Robe Crowlye**; *the other thus,* **nowe the seconde time imprinted Roberte Crowley.** *In the former the folios are thus errone numbered* 39. 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. *&c. The bookſellers of t days were not ſo oſtentatious of multiplying editions.*

The author feigns himself ignorant of his creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living. Now that reformer dyed in* 1384. *How long after his death this poem was written does not appear.*

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems†, two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (tho' perhaps the latest written) is intitled THE SEGE OF ĨERLAM. [*i. e. Jerusalem*] *being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,*

" *In Tyberius tyme · the trewe emperour*
" *Syr Sesar hymself · bested in Rome*
" *Whyll Pylat was provoste · under that prynce ryche*
" *And Jewes justice also · of Judeas londe*
" *Herode under empere · as herytage wolde*
" *Kyng, &c.*"

The other is intitled CHEVELERE ASSIGNE [*or* De Cigne], *that is* " *The Knight of the Swan,*" *being an ancient Romance, beginning thus,*

" *All weldynge God · whene it is his wylle*
" *Wele he wereth his werke · with his owene honde*
" *For ofte harmes were hente · that helpe we ne myzte*

* *Signature* C. ii. † *Caligula A. ij. fol.* 109. 123.

" *Nere the hyznes of hym · that lengeth in hevene*
" *For this &c.*

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays *, *is a proſe narrative of the adventures of this ſame knight of the ſwan,* " *newly tranſlated out of Frenſhe in to Englyſhe at thinſtigacion of the puyſſaunt and illuſtryous prynce, lorde* " *Edward duke of Buckynghame.*" *This lord it ſeems had a peculiar intereſt in the book, for in the preface the tranſlator tells us, that this* " *highe dygne and illuſtryous* " *prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buck-* " *yngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde and Northampton, de-* " *ſyrynge cotydyally to encreaſe and augment the name and fame* " *of ſuch as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt* " *actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and ſtyre every luſty and* " *gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the ſame, havyng a* " *goodli booke of the highe and miraculous hiſtori of a famous* " *and puyſſaunt kynge, named Oryant, ſometime reynynge in the* " *parties of beyonde the ſea, havynge to his wife a noble lady;* " *of whome ſhe conceyved ſixe ſonnes and a doughter, and* " *chylded of them at one only tyme; at whoſe byrthe echone* " *of them had a chayne of ſylver at their neckes, the whiche* " *were all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte ſwannes* " *(ſave one) of the whiche this preſent hyſtory is compyled,* " *named Helyas, the knight of the Swanne,* OF WHOME " LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY SAYDE LORDE. *The* " *whiche ententiſly to have the ſayde hyſtory more amply and* " *unyverſally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in* " *other, hath of hys hie bountie by ſome of his faithfull* " *and truſti ſervauntes cohorted mi mayſter Wynkin de* " *Worde* † *to put the ſaid vertuous hyſtori in printe . . . . at* " *whoſe inſtigacion and ſtiring I (Roberte Copland) have* " *me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and* " *tranſlate it into our maternal and vulgare engliſh tonge* " *after the capacite and rudeneſſe of my weke entendement.*"

* *X. Vol.* † *W. de Worde's edit. is in* 1512. *See Ames p.* 92. *Mr. G's copy is* " ¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland.

— *A curious picture of the times. While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burſt forth with claſſical ſplendor under Leo X, the firſt peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous* KNIGHT OF THE SWAN *.

To return to the metre of Pierce Plowman; In the folio MS. ſo often quoted in theſe volumes, are two poems written in that ſpecies of verſification. One of theſe is an ancient allegorical poem, intitled DEATH AND LIFFE, *(in 2 fitts or parts, containing* 458 *diſtichs) which for ought that appears may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The firſt forty lines are broke as they ſhould be into diſtichs, a diſtinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the poem, in order I ſuppoſe to ſave room. It begins,*

" *Chriſt chriſten king,*
that on the croſſe tholed;
" *Hadd paines and paſſyons*
to defend our ſoules;
" *Give us grace on the ground*
the greatlye to ſerve,
" *For that royall red blood*
that rann from thy ſide."

The ſubject of this piece is a viſion, wherein the poet ſees a conteſt for ſuperiority between " our lady dame LIFE," *and the " ugly fiend dame* DEATH;" *who with their ſeveral attributes and concomitants are perſonified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the deſcription of dame Life is*

" *Shee was brighter of her blee,*
then was the bright ſonn:
" *Her rudd redder then the roſe,*
that on the riſe hangeth:
" *Meekely ſmiling with her mouth,*
And merry in her lookes, " *Ever*

* *He is ſaid in the ſtory-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, thro' whom I ſuppoſe the duke made out his relation to him. This Duke was beheaded, May* 17. 1521. 13 *Hen. VIII.*

" *Ever laughing for love,*
as ſhee like would.
" *And as ſhee came by the bankes,*
the boughes eche one
" *They lowted to that ladye,*
and layd forth their branches;
" *Bloſſomes, and burgens*
breathed full ſweete;
" *Flowers flouriſhed in the frith,*
where ſhee forth ſtepped;
" *And the graſſe, that was gray,*
greened belive."

Death is afterwards ſketched out with a no leſs bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 27th page of this volume, and which was probably the laſt that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original ſimplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It ſhould have been obſerved above in pag. 27, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into diſtichs, e. g.

" *Grant gracious God,*
grant me this time &c.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FEILDE *(in* 2 FITTS, 420 *diſtichs,) containing a very circumſtantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept.* 9. 1513: *at which the author ſeems to have been preſent from his ſpeaking in the firſt perſon plural,*

" *Then* WE *tild downe* OUR *tents,*
that told were a thouſand."

In the concluſion of the poem he gives this account of himſelf,

" *He was a gentleman by Jeſu,*
that this geſt made:

" *Which ſay but as he ſayd* *
for ſooth and noe other.
" *At Bagily that bearne*
his biding place had;
" *And his anceſtors of old time*
have yearded theire longe,
" *Before William conquerour*
this cuntry did inhabitt.
" *Jeſus bring* ' *them* †' *to bliſſe,*
that brought us forth of BALE,
" *That hath hearkened me heare*
or heard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheſhire, of which county the author appears to have been from other paſſages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a ſtain from the Cheſhire-men, who it ſeems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who uſually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley biſhop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which ſerves to aſcertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the alliterative meaſure ſo low as the ſixteenth century. It is remarkable that all ſuch poets as uſed this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly ſuch as were appropriated to poetry: this deſerves the attention of thoſe, who are deſirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poeſy, uſually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they ſeek in the metre of Pierce Plowman ‡.

About the beginning of the ſixteenth century this kind of verſification began to change its form; the author of SCOTTISH FIELD, *we ſee, concludes his poem with a couplet of rhymes; this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for the*

* *Probably corrupted for* — ' *ſays but as he ſaw.*' † ' *us*' *MS.*
‡ *And in that of Robert of Glouceſter. See the next note.*

the general admiſſion of that more modiſh ornament. When rhyme began to be ſuperadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at firſt retained with it: the ſong of LITTLE JOHN NOBODY *exhibits this union very clearly. It may alſo be traced, tho' not ſo perfectly, in an older poem by no means inelegant, intitled* A DYALOGUE [*between a falcon and pye*] DEFENSYVE FOR WOMEN AGAYNST MALICYOUS DETRACTOURES. *The author's name* ROBERT VAGHANE *is prefixed to a few epiloguizing ſonnets at the end of the book, which thus concludes* ¶ Thus endeth the fawcon and the pye. Anno Dñi. 1542. ¶ Imprynted by me Rob. Wyer for Richarde Bankes, &c. *If this diſſertation were not already too prolix I could give ſome pleaſing extracts from this poem.*

*To proceed; the old uncouth verſe of the ancient writers would no longer go down without the more faſhionable ornament of rhyme, and therefore rhyme was ſuperadded. This correſpondence of final ſounds engroſſing the whole attention of the poet and fully ſatisfying the reader, the internal imbelliſhment of alliteration was no longer ſtudied, and thus was this kind of metre at length ſwallowed up and loſt in our common burleſque alexandrine *, now never uſed but in ſongs and pieces of low humour, as in the following ballad, and that well-known doggrel,*

" *A*

* *What is here called the burleſque alexandrine (to diſtinguiſh it from the other alexandrines of* 12 *and* 14 *ſyllables, the parents of our lyric meaſure: ſee examples p.* 152. *&c.) was early applied by Robert of Glouceſter to ſerious ſubjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verſe of his containing a Saxon diſtich) only inſtead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather choſe final rhymes, as the French poets have done ſince. Take a ſpecimen,*

" *The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were ſo rive,*
" *Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and ſuthe but vive:*
" *The king of Northomberlond, and of Eaſtangle alſo,*
" *Of Kent, and of Weſtſex, and of the March therto.*"

" *A cobler there was, and he lived in a ſtall.*"

*But altho' this kind of meaſure hath with us been thus degraded, it ſtill retains among the French its ancient dignity: the French heroic verſe is the ſame genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, ſtript like our doggrell of its alliteration and fettered with rhyme. But, leſs reſtrained than ours, it ſtill exerciſes its ancient power of augmenting and contracting the number of its ſyllables, its harmony wholly depending on the diſpoſal of the pauſe, and adjuſtment of the cadence. It is remarkable that while the heroic verſe of the Engliſh, Italian, and Spaniſh poets is invariably limited to ten ſyllables *, that of the French, a looſe rambling kind of meaſure, is confined to no certain number, but admits of ſuch variety that a verſe of eleven ſyllables ſhall not unfrequently be coupled to another of fourteen. This freedom better fits it for the looſe numbers of ſtage, than for the more ſtately meaſure of Epic poetry. The Viſions of Pierce Plowman and other pieces in the alliterative metre, exhibit the ſame variety, with a cadence ſo exactly reſembling the heroic meaſure of the French poets, that no peculiarity of their verſification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. Take a few inſtances both in ſingle and double rhymes, confronted with part of the deſcription of* DEATH, *in the old allegorical poem abovementioned. In theſe I ſhall denote the pauſe by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin proſody* †.

* *Or eleven, when terminated with a double rhyme. I believe both the Spaniſh and Engliſh poets borrowed their heroic verſe of ten ſyllables from the Italian, or perhaps Provençal Bards.*

† *The French verſe properly conſiſts of four Anapeſts* [˘ ˘ –] *tho' to vary the cadence they are often intermingled with Spondees, Iambics, Trochees, &c.*

Lĕ ſŭccēs fŭt toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l' ăudāce :
L' hŏmme prūdĕnt vōit trōp | l' ĭllūſĭon lĕ ſūit,
L' ĭntrĕpīde vōit mīeux | ĕt lĕ fāntŏme fūit.

Catalina act 3.

" *Shĕ wăs nāk't ăs mў nāil* | *bŏth ăbōve ănd bĕlōw :*
" *Hĕr chēeks wĕre lānk, leāne,* | *hĕr lĭppes wĕre fŭll ſīde,*
" *ănd hēr līre līke leād* | *thăt wăs lātelў bēat.*"

Mĕme aŭx yeūx dĕ l' ĭnjūſte | ŭn ĭnjūſte ĕſt hŏrrīblĕ.

Boileau Sat.

" *Wĭth ă mārvĕloŭs mōuth* | *thăt wăs fūll ŏf lŏng tūſhĕs.*"

Dŭ mĕnſōnge toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dĕmēure māitrĕ :
Poŭr părōitrĕ hōnnête hōmme | ĕn ŭn mōt, ĭl făut l' ētrĕ."

Boil. Sat. 11.

" *And . . . thĕ fōulĕſt frĕake* | *thăt fōrmĕd wăs ēvĕr,*
" *Shĕe wăs wōndĕr lōng ănd lēane* | *ănd ăll tōdlyĕ tŏ ſee tŏ.*"

To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Viſions has no kind of relation with what is commonly called blank verſe, yet has it a ſort of harmony of its own, proceeding not ſo much from its alliteration, as from the artful diſpoſal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pauſe. So that when the ear is a little accuſtomed to it, it is by no means unpleaſing, but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only ſomewhat leſs poliſhed; being ſweetened, inſtead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of ſimilar ſounds.

AS I walked of late by an wood ſide,
To God for to meditate was mine entent;
Where under an hawthorne I ſuddenly ſpyed
A ſilly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was beſprent,
His fleſhe and his color conſumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muſe, and much 'to' deſire
To know what kind of man hee ſhold bee;

I ſtept

I ſtept to him ſtraight, and did him require
His name and his ſecrets to ſhew unto mee.
His head he caſt up, and woeful was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cauſe of my care,
And makes me ſcorned, and left here ſo bare.

Then ſtraightway he turnd him, and prayd me ſit downe,
And I will, ſaith he, declare my whole greefe;
My name is called, CONSCIENCE:—wheratt he did frowne,
He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
'Thoughe now, ſilly wretche, I'm denyed all releefe,'
'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in ſuch fame,
For with the kinges councell I ſate in commiſſion;
Dukes, earles, and barons eſteem'd of my name;
And how that I liv'd there, needs no repetition:
I was ever holden in honeſt condition,
For how-e'er the lawes went in Weſtminſter-hall,
When ſentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine;
And that they acknowledged to be for my ſake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:
For nothing ere paſſed betweene foe and friend,
But Conſcience was called to be at the end.

Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold make
But I was called a witneſſe therto :
No uſe for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did ſoe :
And that makes me live now in great woe,
For then came in Pride, Sathan's diſciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whoſe names 'thus they call'
That is Covetouſnes, Lecherye, Uſury, beſide :
They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-fall;
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conſcience decried,
And 'now ever ſince' abroad have I tryed
To have had entertainment with ſome one or other;
But I am rejected, and ſcorned of my brother.

Then went I to Court the gallants to winne,
But the porter kept me out of the gate :
To Bartle'mew ſpittle to pray for my ſinne,
They bade me goe packe, itt was fit for my ſtate ;
Goe, goe, thread-bare Conſcience, and ſeeke thee a mate.
Good Lord, long preſerve my king, prince, and queene,
With whom I ever eſteemed have beene.

Then went I to London, where once I did dwell :
But they bade away with me, when they knew my name ;
For he will undoe us to bye and to ſell!
They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for ſhame;
They laught at my raggs, and there had good game ;

This is old thread-bare Conſcience, that dwelt with
ſaint Peter;
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney ſweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know;
I having but one poore pennye in my purſe,
On an awle and ſome patches I did it beſtow;
For I thought better cobble ſhoes than to doe worſe:
Straight then all the coblers began for to curſe,
And by ſtatute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to ſeeke where I was
borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conſcience where once I did ſit,
Not doubting but there I favor ſhold find,
Sith my name and the place agreed ſoe fit;
But ſure of my purpoſe I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge usd my name in every com-
miſſion,
The lawyers with their quillets wold get my diſmiſſion.

Then Weſtminſter-hall was no place for me;
Good lord! how the Lawyers began to aſſemble,
And fearfull they were, left there I ſhold bee!
The ſilly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I ſhowed them my cauſe, and did not diſſemble;
Soe they gave me ſome money my charges to beare,
But ſwore me on a booke I muſt never come there.

Next the Merchants ſaid, Counterfeite, get thee away,
Doſt thou remember how we thee fond?
We baniſht thee the country beyond the ſalt ſea,
And ſett thee on ſhore in the New-found land,
And there thou and wee moſt friendly ſhook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didſt refuſe us;
For when we wold reape thou woldſt accuſe us;

Then had I noe way, but for to go on
To Gentlemens houſes of an ancyent name;
Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
Telling how their forefathers had held me in fame;
And at letting their farmes how always I came.
They ſayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curſe:
Theire leaſes continue, and we fare the worſe.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To huſbandmens houſes, who greeved right ſore,
And ſware that their landlords had plagued them ſoe,
That they were not able to keepe open dore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therfore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, it is my beſt fare.

Yet within this ſame deſert ſome comfort I have
Of Mercye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;
Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
We are all put to ſilence, and live upon weeds,
And hence ſuch cold houſe-keeping proceeds:

Our baniſhment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will anſwer one day.

Why then, I ſaid to him, me-thinks it were beſt
To goe to the Clergie; for daylie they preach
Eche man to love you above all the reſt;
Of Mercye and Pittye and Almes-deeds they teache.
O, ſaid he, noe matter a pin what they preache,
For their wives and their children ſoe hange them upon,
That whoſoever gives almes they can give none.

Then laid he him downe, and turned him away,
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to reſt.
I told him, I haplie might yet ſee the day
For him and his fellowes to live on the beſt.
Firſt, ſaid he, baniſhe Pride, then England were bleſt,
For then thoſe wold love us, that now ſell their land,
And then good houſe-keeping wold revive out of hand.

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preſerved in the little ancient miſcellany intitled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE *is here made to ſpeak in the broad Somerſetſhire dialect. The ſcene we may ſuppoſe to be Glaſtonbury Abbey.*

TRUTH.

GOD ſpeed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cauſe, I praye you,
So ſadly here you ſtaye?
And that you keep ſuch gazing
On this decayed place,
The which for ſuperſtition,
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and ſtone,
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may ſay to thee,
Within theſe goodly cloyſters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I muſt tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A ſort of greater hypocrites
Thou couldſt not likely ſee;
Deceiving of the ſimple
With falſe and feigned lies:
But ſuch an order truly
Chriſt never did deviſe.

IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man;
  Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
  Che was not worth a vart:
Vor when we had the old lawe,
  A merry world was then;
And every thing was plenty
  Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou giveſt me an anſwer,
  As did the Jewes ſometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
  When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry, ſayd the people,
  And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer ſpice-cakes
  Unto the queen of heav'n.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
  Before the vriers went hence,
A buſhell of the beſt wheate
  Was zold vor vourteen pence,
And vorty egges a penny,
  That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
  And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the ſacred bible
We find it written plaine,
The latter days ſhould troubleſome
And dangerous be, certaine;
That we ſhould be ſelf-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke;
Tis too big to be true.
Our bleſſed ladyes pſalter
Zhall for my money goe,
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,
The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe haſt thou ſpoken trulye,
For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romiſh ſaint we read:
For by the bleſſed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by ſimple perſons,
As was the fooliſh maſſe.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not vooliſhe
That made the maſſe, che trowe:
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
And vools not Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wiſe men,
And they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may ſay to thee,
Have wiſht the light that you have,
And could it never ſee;
For what art thou the better
A Latin ſong to heare,
And underſtandeſt nothing,
That they ſing in the quiere.

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noiſe was paſſing trim
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in:
And then to zee the rood loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—
But now to zee them wandring
My heart with zorrow vaints.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou ſhouldſt make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You ſhould your ſelf betake:
The golden calf of Iſrael
Moſes did therefore ſpoile;
And Baal's prieſts and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walſinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did ſhew to her complaint;
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe;
The holy maid of Kent * likewiſe
Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such ſaints are well agreeing
To your profeſſion ſure;
And to the men that made them,
So precious and ſo pure;
The one for being a traytoure,
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treaſon
Did end her hateful breath.

IGNORANCE.

* *By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap.* 21. 1534. *Stow, p.* 570.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
  Diſpraiſe them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodneſſe;
  Would they were with us ſtille!
We had our holy water,
  And holy bread likewiſe,
And many holy reliques
  We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
  With vain and emptye ſhowe,
Which never Chriſt commanded,
  As learned doctors knowe:
Search then the holy ſcriptures,
  And thou ſhalt plainly ſee
That headlong to damnation
  They alway trained thee.

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
  As thou doſt zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
  Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Goſpel,
  And paſſion of his zon,
And with the zubtil papiſtes
  Ich have for ever done.

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The ſtory of the Wandering Jew is of conſiderable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, *as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it ſeems, there came an Armenian archbiſhop into England, to viſit the ſhrines and reliques preſerved in our churches; who being entertained at the monaſtery of St. Albans, was aſked ſeveral queſtions relating to his country, &c. Among the reſt a monk, who ſate near him, inquired "if he "had ever ſeen or heard of the famous perſon named Joſeph, "that was ſo much talked of, who was preſent at our Lord's "crucifixion and converſed with him, and who was ſtill alive "in confirmation of the Chriſtian faith." The archbiſhop anſwered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a ſervant of the abbot's, interpreting his maſter's words, told them in French, that his lord knew the perſon they ſpoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the Eaſt: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jeſus out of the door of the Judgment hall, ſtruck him with his fiſt on the back, ſaying, "Go faſter, Jeſus, go faſter; why doſt thou linger?" Upon which Jeſus looked at him with a frown and ſaid, "I "indeed am going, but thou ſhalt tarry till I come."* Soon after

after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or extasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; *whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. 2. Book 3. Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.*

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And ſcourg'd him to diſgrace,
In ſcornfull ſort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place;
Where thouſand thouſands in the ſtreete
Beheld him paſſe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the ſtreete he wente,
And nothing found but churliſh tauntes,
By every ones conſente:
His owne deare croſſe he bore himſelfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the ſtreet to fainte,
With blood and water ſweat.

Being wearye thus, he ſought for reſt,
To eaſe his burthened ſoule,
Upon a ſtone; the which a wretch
Did churliſhly controul;
And ſayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou ſhalt not reſt thee here:
Paſs on; thy execution place
Thou ſeeſt nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thruſt him thence;
At which our Saviour ſayd,
I ſure will reſt, but thou ſhalt walke,
And have no journey ſtayed.
With that this curſed ſhoemaker,
For offering Chriſt this wrong,
Left wife and children, houſe and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had ſeene the bloude
Of Jeſus Chriſt thus ſhed,
And to the croſſe his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with ſpeed he fled
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate moſt baſe.

No reſting could he finde at all,
No eaſe, nor hearts content;
No houſe, no home, no biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conſcience ſtill,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-paſſed ill.

Thus after ſome fewe ages paſt
In wandring up and downe,
He much again deſired to ſee
Jeruſalems renown;
But finding it all quite deſtroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had ſpoke,
To verefie and ſhowe.

I'll reſt, ſayd hee, but thou ſhalt walke,
So doth this wandring Jewe
From place to place, but cannot reſt
For ſeeing countries newe;
Declaring ſtill the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the eaſt,
Since Chriſt his death, he ſhowes.

The world he hath ſtill compaſt round
And ſeene thoſe nations ſtrange,
That hearing of the name of Chriſt,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepaſt, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cauſe of moane:

Deſiring

Deſiring ſtill to be diſſolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He ſhall not yet ſee death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did thoſe times,
When Chriſt did ſuffer on the croſſe
For mortall ſinners crimes.

H' hath paſt through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Chriſt,
Thoſe bleſt apoſtles deare;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of thoſe his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The moſt that he will take
Is not above a groat a time;
Which he, for Jeſus' ſake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no ſpare,
Affirming ſtill that Jeſus Chriſt
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was ſeene to laughe nor ſmile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting ſtill his miſeries,
And dayes forepaſt and gone:
If he heare any one blaſpheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Chriſt againe.

If you had ſeene his death, ſaith he,
As theſe mine eyes have done,
Ten thouſand thouſand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And ſuffer for his ſake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.
Theſe are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

THE LYE,

By sir Walter Raleigh,

—*is found in a very ſcarce miſcellany intitled "Daviſon's "Poems, or a poeticall Rapſodie devided into ſixe bookes . . . . . "The 4th impreſſion newly corrected and augmented, and put "into a forme more pleaſing to the reader. Lond.* 1621. "12mo." *This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct.* 29. 1618. *But this muſt be a miſtake, for there were at leaſt two editions of Daviſon's poems before that time, one in* 1608 *: the other in* 1611 †. *So that unleſs this poem was an after-inſertion in the* 4th *edit. it muſt have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was compoſed ſoon after his condemnation in* 1603.

GOE, ſoule, the bodies gueſt,
Upon a thankeleſſe arrant;
Feare not to touch the beſt,
The truth ſhall be thy warrant:
Goe, ſince I needs muſt dye,
And give the world the lye.

* *Catalog. of T. Rawlinſon* 17. .
† *Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either loſt or miſlaid.*

In my 31st Vol: of Mss Collect: p. 217, is this Poem with a few immaterial Differences: I had it in Mss from a friend in Cheshire. The Title to it is, A Lye to the World, by Sir Wa: Raleigh. But his Name is secret.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And ſhines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it ſhowes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church, and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Till potentates they live
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unleſſe they give,
Not ſtrong but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of ſtate,
Their purpoſe is ambition,
Their practiſe onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it moſt,
They beg for more by ſpending,
Who in their greateſt coſt
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

ched out, & under is written, by the Royall Te
Earle of Eſſex. By which is meant that Earl
who ſuffered in the latter End of Qu: Eliz:
Reign: which will adjust the Chronology
better to Davison's Poems. If that Earl was the
Poet, Sir Walter might write them for him.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but luſt;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell fleſh, it is but duſt;
And wiſh them not reply,
For thou muſt give the lye.

Tell age, it daily waſteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how ſhe blaſteth;
Tell favour, how ſhe falters;
And as they ſhall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceneſſe;
Tell wiſedome, ſhe entangles
Herſelfe in over-wiſeneſſe;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell phyſicke of her boldneſſe;
Tell ſkill, it is pretenſion;
Tell charity of coldneſs;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them ſtill the lye.

In my Copy the last Stanza is preceeded by Tell others, as on the other Side: there being 5 Stanzas in the whole.

Tell fortune of her blindneſſe;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendſhip of unkindneſſe;
Tell juſtice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no ſoundneſſe,
But vary by eſteeming;
Tell ſchooles, they want profoundneſſe,
And ſtand too much on ſeeming:
If arts, and ſchooles reply,
Give arts, and ſchooles the lye.

12. Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood ſhakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue leaſt preferreth:
And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

11

15. So, when thou haſt, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deſerves no leſs than ſtabbing,
Yet ſtab at thee, who will,
No ſtab the ſoule can kill.

13 Tell London of her Stewes
And Courtizans of Lecherie; V. LOR
And though itt bee noe Newes,
Tell Cittizens of Trecheria:
And iff they doe replie,
Wee knowe they use to lye,

Lett Cuckolds bee remembred;
I will not die their Debtor;
Their Heades being stronglie armed,
Will beare the Brunt the better:
And iff they doe replie,
Their Wives doe knowe they lye.

V.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A Scottish Ballad,

—seems to be compoſed (not without improvements) out of two ancient Engliſh ones, printed in the former volume. See book I. ballad XIV. and book II. ballad IV. —— If this had been the original, the authors of thoſe two ballads would hardly have adopted two ſuch different ſtories: beſides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with ſome corrections, from a MS. copy tranſmitted from Scotland.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and ſun was ſett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he ſays,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet ſhe has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet haes,
O it wull ſoon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now brother rede ye mee;
A' ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I ſall hae nothing to my ſell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now ſiſter rede ye mee;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair Annet free?

Iſe rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Leſt ye ſould ſigh and ſay, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mithers counſel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then roſe fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair Annet, he ſays,
Put on your ſicken ſheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke
And ſee that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dreſſing roome,
And dreſs to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dreſſing room,
And dreſs to me my ſmock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horſe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty ſiller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets ſide,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirk,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It ſkinkled in their een.

And whan ſhe cam into the kirk
She ſhimmer'd like the ſun,
The belt that was about her waiſt,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone,

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer ſae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair Annet drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
He gae it kiſſes three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water,
That does mak yee ſae white?

O I did get the roſe-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very roſe-water
Into my mithers wame.

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head gear,
And ſtrake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word ſpak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas he ſaw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear Annet, he ſed,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cry'd;
Than ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her ſide.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

VI.

CORYDON's DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little ſimple elegy is given, with ſome corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of "princely delights."

The burthen of the ſong, DING DONG, *&c. is at preſent appropriated to burleſque ſubjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it uſually accompanied the moſt ſolemn and mournful ſtrains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakeſpear's Tempeſt,*

" Full fadom five thy father lies,
" Of his bones are corrall made;
" Thoſe are pearles that were his eyes;
" Nothing of him, that doth fade,
" But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
" Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
" Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
" Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell."

[*" Burthen, Ding dong."*]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air in a manner the moſt ſolemn and expreſſive of melancholy.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've loſt my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll ſtick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'ſtead of ſilkes ſo gay,
She in her ſhroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpſe ſhall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obſequies are ended,
And ſhe is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herſe it ſhall be carried
By youths, that do excell:
And when that ſhe is buried
I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

A garland ſhall be framed
By art and natures ſkill,
Of ſundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will:
Ding, &c.

And ſundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will beſtow;
But chiefly black and yellowe *
With her to grave ſhall go.
Ding, &c.

* *See above, pag.* 175.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rareſt ever ſeen,
And with my tears, as ſhowers,
I'll keepe them freſh and green.
Ding, &c.

Inſtead of faireſt colours,
Set forth with curious art,
Her image ſhall be painted
On my diſtreſſed heart.
Ding, &c.

'And thereon ſhall be graven
Her epitaph ſo faire,
"Here lies the lovelieſt maiden,
"That e'er gave ſhepheard care.'
Ding, &c.

In ſable will I mourne;
Blacke ſhall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll ſtick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

VII.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT *ſeems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled,* "KING "JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." *The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this laſt, but in too corrupt a ſtate to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviſing, which will be found inſerted in the enſuing ſtanzas.*

The archneſs of the following queſtions and anſwers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers: for beſides the two copies abovementioued, there is extant another ballad on the ſame ſubject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intitled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT." *Laſtly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran againſt the biſhops, ſome Puritan worked up the ſame ſtory into a very doleful ditty, to a ſolemn tune, concerning* "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," *with this ſtinging moral,*

"*Unlearned men hard matters out can find,*
"*When learned biſhops princes eyes do blind.*"

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, "*To the tune of Derry down.*"

AN ancient ſtory Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And

And Ile tell you a ſtory, a ſtory ſo merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his houſe-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poſte for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare ſay,
The abbot kept in his houſe every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepeſt a farre better houſe than mee,
And for thy houſe-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'ſt treaſon againſt my crowne.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never ſpend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I truſt, your grace will doe me no deere,
For ſpending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the ſame thou needeſt muſt dye,
For except thou canſt anſwer me queſtions three,
Thy head ſhall be ſmitten from thy bodie.

And firſt, quo' the king, when I'm in this ſtead,
With my crowne of golde ſo faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men ſo noble of birthe
Thou muſt tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye,

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How ſoone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third queſtion thou muſt not ſhrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, theſe are hard queſtions for my ſhallow witt,
Nor I cannot anſwer your grace, as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes ſpace,
Ile do my endeavour to anſwer your grace.

Now three weeks ſpace to thee will I give,
And that is the longeſt time thou haſt to live;
For if thou doſt not anſwer my queſtions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all ſad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was ſo wiſe,
That could with his learning an anſwer deviſe.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort ſo cold,
And he mett his ſhepheard a going to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you're welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good king John?

Sad newes, ſad newes, ſhepheard, I muſt give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not anſwere him queſtions three,
My head will be ſmitten from my bodie.

The

The firſt is to tell him there in that ſtead,
With his crowne of golde ſo fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men ſo noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

The ſeconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How ſoone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the thirde queſtion I muſt not ſhrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

Now cheare up, ſire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool may learn a wiſe man witt?
Lend me horſe, and ſerving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to anſwere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordſhip, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none ſhall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horſes, and ſerving-men thou ſhalt have,
With ſumptuous array moſt gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, ſire abbot, the king did ſay,
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For an if thou canſt anſwer my queſtions three,
Thy life and thy living both ſaved ſhall bee.

And firſt, when thou ſeeſt me here in this ſtead,
With my crown of golde ſo fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men ſo noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour was ſold
Amonge the falſe Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worſer than hee.

The king he laughed, and ſwore by St. Bittel *,
I did not think I had been worth ſo littel!
—Now ſecondly tell me, without any doubt,
How ſoone I may ride this whole world about.

You muſt riſe with the ſun, and ride with the ſame,
Until the next morning he riſeth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about.

The king he laughed, and ſwore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone ſo ſoone!
—Now from the third queſtion thou muſt not ſhrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

Yea, that ſhall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;

* *Meaning probably St. Botolph.*

But I'm his poor ſhepheard, as plain you may ſee,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.

The king he laughed, and ſwore by the maſſe,
Ile make thee lord abbot this daye in his place!
Now naye, my liege, be not in ſuch ſpeede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,
For this merry jeſt thou haſt ſhowne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comeſt home,
Thou haſt brought him a pardon from good king John.

***

VIII.

VERSES BY K. JAMES I.

As in the former book we gave two ſonnets of Q. Elizabeth, we were willing to afford the reader a ſhort ſpecimen of the poetical talents of her ſucceſſor James I. and we the rather ſelected this, as it ſhows his majeſty's dexterity at punning, and is mentioned in no catalogue of his works. It properly conſiſts of long alexandrines, and is preſerved in "A choice collection of Scots poems," 8vo. part II. Edinburgh, 1709.

"K. James (ſays the editor of that book) having returned to Sterling the 18th of July, 1617, on the morrow deigned with his preſence ſome philoſophick diſputations; and gave the following characters of the performers."

AS Adam was the firſt of men,
whence all beginning takt:
So Adamſon was preſident,
and firſt man in this act.
The theſes Fairlie did defend,
which, though they lies contein,
Yet were fair lies, and he the ſame
right fairlie did maintein.
The feild firſt entred Maſter Sands,
and there he made me ſee,
That not all ſands are barren ſands,
but that ſome fertile bee.
Then Maſter Young moſt ſubtilie,
the theſes did impugne,
And kythed old in Ariſtotle,
althogh his name be Young.
To him ſucceeded Maſter Reid,
who, though Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his diſpute bluſs
nor of his ſpeech think ſhame.
Laſt entred Maſter King the liſts,
and diſput like a king,
How reaſon reigning, as a queene,
ſhuld anger under-bring.
To their deſerved praiſe have I
thus playd upon their names,
And wil's their colledge hence be cal'd
the colledge of king JAMES.

IX.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

It is owing to an overſight that this old ballad is not placed higher in the volume. It is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; ſome breaches and defects in which, rendered the inſertion of a few ſupplemental ſtanzas neceſſary. Theſe it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottiſh phraſes here and there diſcernable in this poem, it ſhould ſeem to have been originally compoſed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne ſeems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, *whoſe title went along with his eſtate.*

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and liſten, gentlemen,
To ſing a ſong I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To ſpend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye ſpend and never ſpare,
I wott, an' it were, the king himſelfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and ſpent;
And he mun ſell his landes ſo broad,
His houſe, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen ſtewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought diſturb thy merry cheere,
Iff thou wilt ſell thy landes ſoe broad,
Good ſtore of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is ſpent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee,
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande ſhall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennie*;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath ſold his land ſoe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and loneſome lodge,
That ſtood farr off in a lonely glenne.

For ſoe he to his father hight:
My ſonne when I am gonne, ſayd hee,
Then thou wilt ſpend thy lande ſo broad,
And thou wilt ſpend thy gold ſo free.

But ſweare me nowe upon the roode,
That loneſome lodge thou'lt never ſpend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there ſhalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, ſayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that ſpares, ne'er mote he thee.

* i. e. *earneſt-money: from the French Denier à Dieu.*

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they ſlunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purſe,
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was braſs, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a truſtie friend have I,
And why ſhold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftleſs loone,
And bade him ſharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes ſo broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning ſhame:
To rob and ſteal it were a ſinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to loneſome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world ſhould frown on mee,
I there ſhold find a truſty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to loneſome lodge,
That ſtood ſo lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope ſome comfort for to winne,
But bare and lothly were the walles:
Here's ſorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe;
No ſhimmering ſunn here ever ſhone;
No haleſome breeze here ever blew.

No

No chair, ne table he mote ſpye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought ſave a rope with renning nooſe,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
Theſe words were written ſo plain to ſee:
"Ah! graceleſſe wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
"And brought thyſelfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind miſgave,
"I therefore left this truſty friend:
"Let it now ſheeld thy foule diſgrace,
"And all thy ſhame and ſorrows end."

Sorely ſhent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely ſhent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was neare-to braſt
With guilt and ſorrowe, ſhame and ſinne.

Never a word ſpake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he ſpake but three:
"This is a truſty friend indeed,
"And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And ſprung aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the cieling burſt in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Aſtonyed

Aſtonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and ſawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold ſo redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there ſtood three cheſts in fere,

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy,
And over them in broad letters
Theſe words were written ſo plaine to ſee.

"Once more, my ſonne, I ſette thee clere;
"Amend thy life and follies paſt;
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope muſt be thy end at laſt."

And let it bee, ſayd the heire of Linne;
And let it be, but if I amend *:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade ‡ ſhall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne;
Away he went with a merry cheare:
I wis, he neither ſtint ne ſtayd,
Till John o' the Scales houſe he came neare.

And

* *i. e. unleſs I amend.* ‡ *i. e. advice, counſel.*

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the ſpeere then looked hee;
There ſate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine ſo free.

And then beſpake the heire of Linne
To John o' the Scales then louted hee:
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
If ever I truſt thee one pennìe.

Then beſpake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then ſpake hee:
Madame, ſome almes on me beſtowe,
I pray for ſweet ſaint Charitìe.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
I ſwear thou getteſt no almes of mee;
For if we ſhold hang any loſel heere,
The firſt we wold begin with thee.

Then beſpake a good fellòwe,
Which ſat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
Some time thou waſt a well good lord:

Some

Some time a good fellow thou haſt been,
And ſparedſt not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him ſit in thy companee:
For well I wot thou hadſt his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then ſpake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he anſwer'd him againe:
Now Chriſts curſe on my head, hee ſayd,
But I did loſe by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before theſe lords ſo faire and free,
Thou ſhalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he ſaid.
With that he gave him a gods pennèe:
Now by my fay, ſayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe ſhent he cold ſay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didſt lend me:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! ſayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yeſterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, ſayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, ſaid hee:
When next I want to ſell my land,
Good John o' the Scales Ile come to thee.

XII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old ſong, the ſubject of which is a compariſon between the manners of the old gentry, as ſtill ſubſiſting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their ſons in the reigns of her ſucceſſors, is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, compared with another printed among ſome miſcellaneous "poems and ſongs" in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8vo.

AN old ſong made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worſhipful gentleman, who had a greate eſtate,
That kept a brave old houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whoſe anger one word aſſwages;
Hee every quarter paid his old ſervants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old ſtudy fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old ſwords, and bucklers, that had born many ſhrewd blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worſhip's trunk hoſe,
And a cup of old ſherry, to comfort his copper noſe;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With a good old faſhion, when Chriſtmaſſe was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
With good chear enough to furniſh every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat ſpeak, and man dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntſman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wiſe man, kept himſelf within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thouſand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldeſt ſon his houſe and land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the enſuing ditty you ſhall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flouriſhing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thouſand pound upon his fathers land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor ſtand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and ſpare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good houſe-keeping, or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And ſeven or eight different dreſſings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-faſhion'd hall, built where the old one ſtood,
Hung round with new pictures, that doe the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new ſmooth ſhovelboard, whereon no victuals neer ſtood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new ſtudy, ſtuft full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that ſwears faſter than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to deviſe fine kickſhaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new faſhion, when Chriſtmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London ſtraight we all muſt begone,
And leave none to keep houſe, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a ſtone;
Like a young courtier, &c

With a new gentleman-uſher, whoſe carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whoſe dreſſing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the ſervants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
gold,
For which ſundry of his anceſtors old manors are ſold;
And this is the courſe moſt of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good houſe-keeping is now grown ſo
cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

XIII.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING's CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottiſh covenanters roſe up in arms, and advanced to the Engliſh borders in 1639, *many of the courtiers complimented the king by raiſing forces at their own expence. Among theſe none were more diſtinguiſhed than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raiſed a troop of horſe, ſo richly accoutred, that it coſt him* 12,000 *l. The like expenſive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the*

"Scots

" Scots would fight ſtoutly, if it were but for the Engliſh-" men's fine cloaths." [*Lloyd's memoirs.*] *When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine ſhewy Engliſh: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the reſt this ſplendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.*

This humorous lampoon, ſuppoſed to have been written by Sir John Mennis, a wit of thoſe times, is found in a ſmall poetical miſcellany intitled, " Muſarum deliciæ: or the muſes recrea-" tion, conteining ſeveral pieces of poetique wit. 2d edition. " —By Sir J. M. [*Sir John Mennis*] *and Ja. S.* [*James " Smith.*] *Lond.* 1656. 12*mo.*"——*See Wood's Athenæ. II.* 397. 481.

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horſe more, all his own he ſwore,
To guard him on every ſide-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe ſo gay a bravado,
Had you ſeen but his look, you'ld have ſworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windowes to ſee
So gallant and warlike a fight-a,
And as he paſs'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, ſpurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why ſhould he repent-a?

The king (God bleſs him !) had ſingular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a :
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him ſo well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a ;
But when there were ſhows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing ſo peart-a.

For when the Scots army came within ſight,
And all prepar'd to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they aſk'd what he meant,
He ſwore he muſt needs goe ſh*te-a.

The colonell ſent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did ſwear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very firſt man-a.

To cure his fear, he was ſent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a,
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er ſaw the enemy more-a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increaſe
His money, which lately he ſpent-a,
But his loſt honour muſt lye ſtill in the duſt ;
At Barwick away it went-a

XIV.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

This excellent ſonnet which poſſeſſed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-houſe Weſtminſter: to which he was committed by the houſe of commons, in April 1642, *for preſenting a petition from the county of Kent, requeſting them to reſtore the king to his rights, and to ſettle the government. See Wood's Athenæ. Vol. II. p.* 228; *where may be ſeen at large the affecting ſtory of this elegant writer, who after having been diſtinguiſhed for every gallant and polite accompliſhment, the pattern of his own ſex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the loweſt wretchedneſs, obſcurity, and want, in* 1658.

This ſong is printed from a volume of his poems intitled, "Lucaſta, 1649. 12*mo." collated with a copy in the editor's folio MS.*

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whiſper at my grates,
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no ſuch libertye.

When flowing cups run ſwiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careleſſe heads with roſes crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirſty griefe in wine we ſteepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fiſhes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no ſuch libertie.

When, 'linnet-like, confined I
With ſhriller note ſhall ſing
The mercye, ſweetneſs, majeſtye,
And glories of my king,
When I ſhall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great ſhould be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no ſuch libertie.

Stone walls doe not a priſon make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my ſoule am free,
Angels alone, that ſoare above,
Enjoy ſuch libertie.

XV. THE

Ver. 10, with woe-allaying themes. *MS.*

XV.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-croſs, as it ſtood before the civil wars, was one of thoſe beautiful Gothic obeliſks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I, who built ſuch a one wherever the herſe of his beloved Eleanor reſted in its way from Lincolnſhire to Weſtminſter. But neither its ornamental ſituation, the beauty of its ſtructure, nor the noble deſign of its erection (which did honour to humanity) could preſerve it from the mercileſs zeal of the times: For in 164.. *it was demoliſhed by order of the Houſe of Commons, as popiſh and ſuperſtitious. This occaſioned the following not-unhumorous ſarcaſm, which has been often printed among the popular ſonnets of thoſe times.*

The plot referred to in ver. 17, *was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the ſervice of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins, and Rich. Chaloner, ſuffered death July* 5. 1643. *Vid. Ath. Ox. II.* 24.

UNdone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Weſtminſter,
Now Charing-croſs is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a ſtand,
Swearing they are at a loſs,
And chaffing ſay, that's not the way,
They muſt go by Charing-croſs.

The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it ſhould fall, and kill them all,
In the houſe, as they were ſitting.
They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them ſo hard-hearted,
To give command, it ſhould not ſtand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worſe
For any thing I know,
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wiſely them defended,
For plots they will diſcover ſtill,
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will ſay, I'm confident,
They ever heard it ſpeak one word,
Againſt the parliament.
An informer ſwore, it letters bore,
Or elſe it had been freed,
In troth I'll take my bible oath,
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee ſaid, that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know, it might be ſo,
For to church it never went.
What with exciſe, and ſuch device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a croſs,
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council ſhou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cauſe, good old croſs, it always ſtood,
So firmly to the city.
Since croſſes you ſo much diſdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king ſhould rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

XVI.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old ſong is preſerved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of thoſe that ſuffered in the cauſe of Charles I. Lond. 1668. *fol. p.* 96. *He ſpeaks of it as the compoſition of a worthy perſonage, who ſuffered deeply in thoſe times, and was ſtill living with no other reward than the conſcience of having ſuffered. The author's name he has not mentioned.—Some miſtakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in Weſtminſter Drollery, or a choice collection of . . . ſongs and poems,* 1671. 12*mo.*

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth ſhow,
That innocence is tempeſt proof;
Though ſurly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then ſtrike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miſcalls a jail,
A private cloſet is to me:
Whilſt a good conſcience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and ſolitude together met,
Make me no priſoner, but an anchorèt.

I, whilſt I wiſht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wiſdoms had conſpir'd
The ſalamander ſhould be burn'd;
Or like thoſe ſophiſts, that would drown a fiſh,
I am conſtrain'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderneſs;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucaſus:
Contentment cannot ſmart, ſtoicks we ſee
Make torments eaſie to their apathy.

Theſe manacles upon my arm
I, as my miſtreſs' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have ſome iron ſhackles there:
Theſe walls are but my garriſon; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like ſome high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyſter'd up from publick ſight:
Retirement is a piece of majeſty,
And thus, proud ſultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here ſin for want of food muſt ſtarve,
Where tempting objects are not ſeen;
And theſe ſtrong walls do only ſerve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable ſure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept ſecure.

So he that ſtruck at Jaſon's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpoſe ſure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I ſee, wants wit; for what is meant
Miſchief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Proſperity doth treaſon ſeem;
And to make ſmooth ſo rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to ſuffer ſhews no loyal heart,
When kings want eaſe ſubjects muſt bear a part.

What though I cannot ſee my king
Neither in perſon or in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not ſeen the nightingale,
A priſoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth ſhe chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my ſoul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and ſing
Diſgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My ſoul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baſer part's immew'd,
Whilſt loyal thoughts do ſtill repair
T' accompany my ſolitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XVII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

" This prince, like his father, did not confine himſelf t
" proſe: Biſhop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy ſai
" to be written by Charles in Cariſbrook caſtle [in 1648.
" The poetry is moſt uncouth and unharmonious, but there ar
" ſtrong thoughts in it, ſome good ſenſe, and a ſtrain of ma
" jeſtic piety." Mr. Walpole's royal and noble authors. vol. I

It is in his " Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton." p. 37
that Burnet hath preſerved this elegy, which he tells us h
had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the tim
when it was written, and copied it out from the original.
it is there intitled " MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR A
" IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

Hume hath remarked of theſe ſtanzas, " that the truth
" the ſentiment, rather than the elegance of the expreſſio
" renders them very pathetic." See his hiſt. 1763. 4
" vol. 5. *p.* 437. 442. *which is no bad comment upon the*
—Theſe are the only verſes known of Charles's compoſu
They do not properly fall within the plan of this work, b
we make the ſame plea for their inſertion, as we did for th
of his two immediate predeceſſors.

GReat monarch of the world, from whoſe power ſpring
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my ſuffering ſings;

A

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's ſeraphick line,
To track the treaſons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem inveſted me:

With it, the ſacred ſcepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fierceſt furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray diſcrowned head,
Are thoſe that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raiſe a war, and chriſten it THE CAUSE,
While ſacrilegious hands have beſt applauſe,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppreſſion gains the name of ſequeſtration.

My loyal ſubjects, who in this bad ſeaſon
Attend me (by the law of God and reaſon),
They dare impeach, and puniſh for high treaſon.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious epiſcopacy muſt go down,
They will deſtroy the croſier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and ſchiſmaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foſter,
The pulpit is uſurpt by each impoſtor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noſter*.

The Preſbyter, and Independent ſeed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner ſtone's miſplac'd by every pavier:
With ſuch a bloody method and behaviour
Their anceſtors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal conſort, from whoſe fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to ſeek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilſt on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With

With my own power my majeſty they wound,
In the king's name the king himſelf's uncrown'd:
So doth the duſt deſtroy the diamond.

With propoſitions daily they enchant
My people's ears, ſuch as do reaſon daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promiſe to erect my royal ſtem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will firſt fall down, and worſhip them!

But for refuſal they devour my thrones,
Diſtreſs my children, and deſtroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of ſtones.

My life they prize at ſuch a ſlender rate,
That in my abſence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the ſtate.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to anſwer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to aſk the reaſon, why.

But, ſacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'ſt do not know what they do.

For ſince they from their lord are ſo disjointed,
As to contemn thoſe edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preſerve my iſſue, and inſpire my mate,
Yet though we periſh, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

XVIII.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF

This ſarcaſtic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, corrected by another preſerved in "A choice collection of 120 *loyal ſongs, &c."* 1684. 12*mo.*—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

REbellion hath broken up houſe,
And hath left me old lumber to ſell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promiſe to uſe you well:
Will you buy the old ſpeaker's chair?
Which was warm and eaſie to ſit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fatteſt, that ever were ſpent?
They're the ſides of the old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
And for a ſmall matter I'll ſell ye 'um;
They are made of the preſbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To ſome black-ſmith for his forge;
But now I have conſidered on't,
They are conſecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto ſome quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to ſqueeke higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of ſtools for ſale,
One's ſquare, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the RUMP fell unto the ground.
Will you buy the ſtates council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beeſom of Reformation,
Which ſhould have made clean the floor,
But it ſwept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good ſtore.
Will you buy the ſtates ſpinning-wheel,
Which ſpun for the ropers trade?
But better it had ſtood ſtill,
For now it has ſpun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a very good clyſter-pipe,
Which was made of a butcher's ſtump,
And often-times it hath been whip'd,
After curing the colds of the RUMP.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve,
Which once was a juſtice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did ſerve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the ſtates tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er ſuch a ſmack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the aſhes may happily ſerve
To cure the ſcab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to ſwerve
To Rebellion by Innovation.
A lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was ſcarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great ſaddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
And curb of Diſſimulation.
And here's the trunk-hoſe of the RUMP,
And their fair diſſembling cloak,
And a Preſbyterian jump,
With an Independent ſmock.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a conſcience oft turn'd,
Which ſerv'd the high-court of juſtice,
And ſtretch'd until England it mourn'd?
But hell will buy that if the worſt is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-ſtuff tub,*
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,

Ver. 86. *This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royaliſts, tho' her true name was Elizabeth: to the latter part of the verſe hangs ſome tale that is now forgot ten.*

With which old Noll's horns ſhe did rub,
When he was got drunk with falſe bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purſe of the publique faith;
Here's the model of the Sequeſtration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorſhip,
And here are Lambert's commiſſions,
And here is Hugh Peters his ſcrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing veſſels,
And here are his dray, and his ſlings;
Here are Hewſon's awl, and his briſtles;
With diverſe other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all theſe matters before ye?
I'll ſell them all for an old ſong,
And ſo I do end my ſtory.
Says old Simon, &c.

XIX. OLD

Ver. 94. *See Grey's Hudibras Pt.* 1. *Cant.* 2. *ver.* 570. *&c.*
Ver. 100. 102. *Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewſon is ſaid to have been originally a cobler.*

XIX.

OLD TOM OF REDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the Engliſh have more ſongs and ballads on the ſubject of madneſs, than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloomineſs hath peculiarly recommended ſubjects of this caſt to our writers, the fact is inconteſtible, as any one may be ſatisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with thoſe in our language.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have ſelected half a dozen MAD SONGS *for theſe volumes. The three firſt are originals in their reſpective kinds: the merit of the three laſt is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at conſiderable intervals of time, but we have here grouped them togegether, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may conſider them as ſo many trials of ſkill in a very peculiar ſubject, as the conteſt of ſo many rivals to ſhoot in the bow of Ulyſſes. The two firſt were probably written about the beginning of the laſt century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth towards the end; and the two laſt within this preſent century.*

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.

FORTH from my ſad and darkſome cell,
Or from the deepe abyſſe of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To ſee if he can cure his diſtempered braine.

Feares and cares oppreſſe my ſoule:
Harke, howe the angrye furyes houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proſerpine is gladd
To ſee poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To ſeeke my ſtraggling ſenſes,
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenſes:

When me he ſpyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will ſtay for no man:
In vaine with cryes
I rent the ſkyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or elſe I dye!

Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſt Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to briſtle.

Come,

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troubleſome ſhackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my ſenſes againe.

Laſt night I heard the dog-ſtar bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouſlye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did ſo hang in his light,
He could not ſee to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble poſt of heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Beſtryd a ſtrong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burſt his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye!

Harke,

Harke, I hear Acteons horne!
The huntſmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royſter, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chaſe do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beefe, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga ſacke
Will fire the buſhe at his backe.

XX.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the ſeventeenth centu by the witty biſhop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d editi of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more anci copy in the editor's folio MS.

AM I mad, O noble Feſtus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the beſt in the college?
Boldly I preach, hate a croſs, hate a ſurplice,
Miters, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the houſe of pure Emanuel *
I had my education,
Where my friends ſurmiſe
I dazel'd my eyes
With the ſight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They laſh'd my four poor quarters;
Whilſt this I endure,
Faith makes me ſure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Theſe injuries I ſuffer
Through antichriſt's perſwaſion:
Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can reſiſt my ſtrong invaſion.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beaſts ten horns (God bleſs us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
If they let me alone
I'll leave none:
But they ſay I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When

* *Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a ſeminary of Puritans.*

When I ſack'd the ſeven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery ſword and target,
There fought I with this monſter:
But the ſons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds miſconſter.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of inſpiration;
I made her ſtink,
And ſpill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have ſeen two in a viſion
With a flying book * between them.
I have been in deſpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading Greenham †.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I obſerv

* *Alluding to ſome viſionary expoſition of Zech. ch.* v. *ver.*

† *See Greenham's works, fol.* 1605. *particularly the tract titled,* "*A ſweet comfort for an afflicted conſcience.*"

I obſerv'd in Perkins tables *
The black line of damnation;
Thoſe crooked veins
So ſtuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefeſt pleaſure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all meaſure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbiſhop †,
And all the high commiſſion;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd ſuperſtition.
Boldly I preach, hate a croſs, hate a ſurplice,
Miters, copes, and rotchets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

XXI. THE

* *See Perkins's works, fol. 1616. vol. 1. p. 11; where is a large half-ſheet folded, containing "A ſurvey, or table declaring the order of the cauſes of ſalvation, and damnation, &c." The pedigree of damnation being diſtinguiſhed by a broad black zig-zag line.* † *Laud.*

XXI.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

—— is given from an old printed copy in the Britiſh Muſeum, compared with another in the Pepys collection: both in black letter.

GRIM king of the ghoſts, make haſte,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waſte,
And juſt now is in the waine.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me cloſe in your arms;
To you my reſpects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does diſtract my brain:
I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiſs her, and kiſs her again:
But if ſhe prove peeviſh and proud,
Then, a piſe on her love! let her go;

I'll

I'll ſeek me a winding ſhroud,
And down to the ſhades below.

A lunacy ſad I endure,
Since reaſon departs away;
I call to thoſe hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I ſay:
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now ſlights me with ſcorn and diſdain;
I never ſhall ſee her more:
Ah! how ſhall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming ſaint;
While ſhe at my grief does flout,
And ſmiles at my loud complaint:
Diſtraction I ſee is my doom,
Of this I am now too ſure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in deſpair,
I am to the deſarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a ſpangled cloud
I ſee her enthroned on high,
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the ſky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,
And wearyed myſelf in vain,
I lye on the barren ſoil,
And bitterly do complain:
Till ſlumber hath quieted me,
In ſorrow I ſigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I ſleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whoſe treſſes of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow beſpread:
Then this doth my paſſion inflame,
I ſtart, and no longer can lie:
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghoſts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languiſhing life to you
A tribute I freely pay:
To the elyſian ſhades I poſt
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghoſt
Is hovering in the air.

XXII.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE.

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

——was originally ſung in one of TOM D'URFEY'S *comedies of Don Quixote acted in* 1694 *and* 1696; *and probably compoſed by himſelf. In the ſeveral ſtanzas, the author repreſents his pretty mad woman as* 1. *ſullenly mad:* 2. *mirthfully mad:* 3. *melancholy mad:* 4. *fantaſtically mad: and* 5. *ſtark mad. Both this, and Num. XXIV. are printed from D'urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."* 1719. *vol. I.*

FROM roſie bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,
Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
Teach me in ſoft melodious ſtrains to move
With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the ſoul of muſick tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my ſoul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
Is to be briſk and airy,
With a ſtep and a bound,
With a friſk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy:

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celeſtial bodies:
With an air, and a face,
And a ſhape, and a grace,
I'll charm, like beauty's goddeſs.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and deſpair muſt end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold deſpair, diſguis'd like ſnow and rain,
Falls on my breaſt; bleak winds in tempeſts blow;
My veins all ſhiver, and my fingers glow;
My pulſe beats a dead march for loſt repoſe,
And to a ſolid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or ſay, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, and drown
Among the foaming billows?
Increaſing all with tears I ſhed,
On beds of ooze, and chryſtal pillows
Lay down, lay down my loveſick head?

No, no, I'll ſtrait run mad, mad, mad,
That ſoon my heart will warm;
When once the ſenſe is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm.
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, locks —— ſhall thus —— be tore!
A thouſand, thouſand times I'll dye
Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXIII.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH.

From the Hive, a collection of ſongs. 4 *vols.* 1724. 12*mo where may be found two or three other* MAD SONGS *not admitted into this collection.*

I Go to the Elyſian ſhade,
Where ſorrow ne'er ſhall wound me;
Where nothing ſhall my reſt invade,
But joy ſhall ſtill ſurround me.

I fly from Celia's cold diſdain,
From her diſdain I fly;
She is the cauſe of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day ſun,
When he but half his radiant courſe has run,
When his meridian glories gaily ſhine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now ſo full appears;
Thoſe ſtreams, that do ſo ſwiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curſt mine eyes, when they have wept their ſtore,
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle ſwains!
Cover me with ice and ſnow,
I ſcorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the diſmal ſhades below!
Where yelling, and howling,
And grumbling, and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hiſſing ſnakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleaſure, and a cure:
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give ſuch pain as I endure.

To ſome peaceful plain convey me,
On a moſſey carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambroſial breeze,
Let me die, and ſo have eaſe!

XXIV.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, as well as Num. XXII, was originally ſung in one of D'URFEY'S *comedies of Don Quixote. A circumſtance which was not known when p.* 343 *was printed off.*

I Burn, my brain conſumes to aſhes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flaſhes!
Within my breaſt there glows a ſolid fire,
Which in a thouſand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
'Tis ſultry weather,
Pour them all on my ſoul,
It will hiſs like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That firſt made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curſt angel I fell;
And mourn now my fate,
Which myſelf did create:
Fool, fool, that conſider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain tranſporting joys!
Off ye vain fantaſtic toys! ——
That dreſs this face—this body—to allure!
Bring me daggers, poiſon, fire!
Since ſcorn is turn'd into deſire,
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I endure.

XXV.

LILLI BURLERO.

The following rhymes, ſlight and inſignificant as they may now ſeem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philipics of Demoſthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. *Let us hear a contemporary writer,*

" *A fooliſh ballad was made at that time, treating the* " *papiſts, and chiefly the Iriſh, in a very ridiculous manner,* " *which had a burden ſaid to be Iriſh words, Lero, lero,* " *liliburlero, that made an impreſſion on the* [*king's*] *army,* " *that cannot be imagined by thoſe that ſaw it not. The* " *whole army, and at laſt the people both in city and country,* " *were ſinging it perpetually. And perhaps never had ſo* " *ſlight a thing ſo great an effect.*" *Burnet.*

It was written on occaſion of the king's nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, *general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a furious papiſt, who had recommended himſelf to his bigotted maſter by his arbitrary treatment of the proteſtants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general; and whoſe ſubſequent conduct fully juſtified his expectations*

pectations and their fears. The violencies of his adminiſtration may be ſeen in any of the hiſtories of thoſe times: particularly in biſhop King's "State of the proteſtants in "Ireland." 1691, 4to.

LILLIBURLERO *is ſaid to have been the watch-word uſed among the Iriſh papiſts in their maſſacre of the proteſtants in* 1641.

HO! broder Teague, doſt hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
Dat we ſhall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by ſhaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut all de Engliſh troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my ſhoul de Engliſh do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare ſide, and Creiſh knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if diſpence do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a ſware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no proteſtant heir.
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he ſtay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my ſhoul 'tis a proteſtant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But ſee de Tyrconnel is now come aſhore,
Lilli, &c.
And we ſhall have commiſſions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de maſs,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an aſs.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Cheriſh and ſhaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Lilli, &c.

Dare

Dare was an old propheſy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
" Ireland ſhall be rul'd by an aſs, and a dog."
Lilli, &c.

And now dis propheſy is come to paſs,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de aſs.
Lilli, &c.

XXVI.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

— was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, eſq; who died March 25, 1754. aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems publiſhed at Edinburgh, 1760. 12mo.

A. BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winſome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does ſhe weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does ſhe weep thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun ſhe weep, lang maun ſhe, maun ſhe weep,
Lang maun ſhe weep with dule and ſorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cauſe of ſorrow,
And I hae ſlain the comlieſt ſwain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy ſtream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow?
And why you melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and ſorrow!
O 'tis he the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Waſh,

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters, ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in waeful wiſe
His hapleſs fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs, uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my ſorrow
Too raſhly bauld a ſtronger arm
Thou met'ſt, and and fel'ſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet? as ſweet, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,

As

As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didſt him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I buſk a winſome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O'Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Now dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was baſely ſlain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purpie veſt, 'twas my awn ſewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dule and ſorrow;
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
I ſang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the ſpear was flown,
That ſlew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How can'ſt thou, barbarous man, then woe me?

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud
With cruel, and ungentle ſcoffin',
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And ſtrive with threatning words to muve me:
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſbande lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

XXVII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST,

Mr Glover

——*was written by the ingenious author of* LEONIDAS, *on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov.* 22. 1739.—*The caſe of Hoſier, which is here ſo pathetically repreſented, was briefly this. In April,* 1726, *that commander was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or ſhould they preſume to come out, to ſeize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Baſtimentos near Porto Bello, but being reſtricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that ſtation until he became the jeſt of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in theſe ſeas, till far the greater part of his men periſhed deplorably by the diſeaſes of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, ſeeing his beſt officers and men thus daily ſwept away, his ſhips expoſed to inevitable deſtruction, and himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hiſt.*

The following ſong is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Anſwer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon ſate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet:

On a ſudden ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells, and ſhrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter
Riſing from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal ſtory,
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this p ce where I was loſt!

Tho

V

* *The Admiral's ſhip.*

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Thoſe were once my ſailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.

Then the baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:

Here

Here the baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's ſhores returning
You neglect my juſt requeſt;
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A Deid of nicht. s. *p.* 93. *in dead of night.*
Aboven ous. *above us.*
Advoutry, advouterous. *adultery, adulterous.*
Ahte. *ought.*
Al. *p.* 5. albeit. *although.*
Alemaigne. f. *Germany.*
Alyes. *p.* 27. *probably corrupted for* algates, *always.*
Ancient. *a flag, banner.*
Angel. *a gold coin worth* 10 *s.*
Ant. *and.*
Apliht. *p.* 10. al aplyht. *quite complete.*
Argabuſhe. *harquebuſſe, an old-faſhioned kind of muſket.*
Aſe. *as.*
Attowre. s. *out over.*
Azein, agein. *againſt.*

B.

Bairded. s. *bearded.*
Bale, *evil, miſchief, miſery.*
Balow. s. *a nurſery term, huſh! lullaby! &c.*
Banning. *curſing.* (*in p.* 196. *it was* baninge *in MS.*)
Battes. *heavy ſticks, clubs.*
Bayard. *a noted blind horſe in the old romances.*
Be. s. *by.* Be that. *by that time.*
Bearn, bairn. s. *child: alſo, human creature.*
Bed. *p.* 9. *bade.*
Bede. *p.* 17. *offer, engage.*
Befall. *p.* 65. *befallen.*
Befoir. s. *before.*
Belive. *immediately, preſently.*
Ben. *p.* 11. *be, are.*
Bene. *p.* 12. *bean, an expreſſion of contempt.*
Beoth. *be, are.*
Ber the prys. *p.* 7. *bare the prize.*
Beſprent. *beſprinkled.*
Beſted. *p.* 263. *abode.*
Bewraies. *diſcovers, betrays.*
Bet. *better.* Bett. *did beat.*
Bi mi leautè. *by my loyalty, honeſty.*
Birk. s. *birch-tree.*

Blent. *p.* 134. *ceaſed.*
Blink. s. *a glimpſe of light: the ſudden light of a candle ſeen in the night at a diſtance.*
Boiſt, boiſteris. s. *boaſt, boaſters.*
Bonny, s. *handſome, comely.*
Boote. *gain, advantage.*
Bot. s. *but. p.* 174. *beſides, moreover.*
Bot. s. *without.* Bot dreid. *without dread, i. e. certainly.*
Bougils, s. *bugle horns.*
Bowne. *ready.*
Braes of Yarrow. s. *the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.*
Brade, braid. s. *broad.*
Braifly. s. *bravely.*
Brayd. s. *aroſe, haſtened.*
Brayd attowre the bent. s. *haſted over the field.*
Brede. *breadth. So Chauc.*
Brimme. *publick, univerſally known.*
Brok her with winne. *enjoy her with pleaſure.*
Brouch. *an ornamental trinket.*
Buen, bueth. *been, be, are.*
Buik. s. *book.*
Burgens. *buds, young ſhoots.*
Buſk ye. s. *dreſs ye.*
But. *without.* but let. *without hindrance.*
But give. s. *but if, unleſs.*
Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*
Byre. *a cow-houſe.*

C.

Caliver. *a kind of muſket.*
Can curteſye. *know, underſtand good manners.*
Cannes. *p.* 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*
Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-ſingers, ſingers on benches.*
Cantles, *pieces, corners.*
Capul. *a poor horſe.*
Carpe. *to ſpeak, recite: alſo, to cenſure.*
Carping. *reciting.*
Chayme. *p.* 60. *Cain.*
Che. *(Somerſet dialect.) I.*
Cheis. s. *chuſe.*
Cheeſe. *p.* 20. *the upper part of the ſcutcheon in heraldry.*
Chill. *(Som. dial.) I will.*
Choul. *(ditto.) I would.*
Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*
Clattered. *beat ſo as to rattle.*
Cleading. s. *cloathing.*
Clenking. *clinking, jingling.*
Clepe, *call.*
Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*
Cokeney. *p.* 24. *ſome diſh now unknown. See Chaucer.*
Cold roſt. *(a phraſe) nothing to the purpoſe.*
Com. *p.* 8. *came.*
Comen of kinde. *p.* 19. *come of a good breed.*
Con, can. *'gan, began. Item,* Con ſpringe. *a phraſe, ſprung.* Con fare, *went, paſſed.*
Coote. *p.* 244. *(blazon the) coat*
Coſt. *coaſt, ſide.*
Cotydyallye. *daily, every day.*
Covetiſe. *covetouſneſs.*
Could bear. *a phraſe for bare.* Could creip. s. *crept.* Could ſay. *ſaid.* Could weip. s *wept.*
Could his good. p. 249. *Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*

Couthen,

Couthen. *p.* 9. *knew.*
Croft. *an incloſure near a houſe.*
Croiz. *croſs.*
Crouneth. *p.* 8. *crown ye.*
Crumpling. *crooked*; *or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*
Cule. s. *cool.*
Cummer. s. *goſſip, friend,* fr. Commere, compere.
Cure. *care, heed, regard.*

D.

Dale. s. *deal.* *p.* 68. but give I dale. *unleſs I deal.*
Dampned, *damned.*
Darh. *p.* 10. *perhaps for* Thar, *there,*
Darr'd. s. *hit.*
Dart the trie. s. *hit the tree.*
Daukin. *diminutive of Daniel: or perhaps the ſame as Dobkin.*
Daunger halt. *coyneſs holdeth.*
Deare day. *charming, pleaſant day.*
Dede is do. *p.* 30. *deed is done.*
Deerlye dight. *richly fitted out.*
Deimt. s. *deem'd, eſteem'd.*
Deir. s. *dear. Item: hurt, trouble, diſturb.*
Dele. *deal.*
Deme, deemed, *judge, doomed.*
Dent. *p.* 17. *a dint, blow.*
Deol. *dole, grief.*
Dere, deere. *dear: alſo, hurt.*
Derked. *darkened.*
Dern. s. *ſecret.* *p.* 68. I' dern. *in ſecret.*
Devyz. *deviſe, the act of bequeathing by will.*
Deze, deye. *die.*
Dight: dicht. s. *decked, dreſſed, prepared, fitted out, done, made.*
Dyht. *p.* 10. *to diſpoſe, order.*
Dill. *ſtill, calm, mitigate.*
Dol. *ſee* Deol, Dule.
Doughtineſſe of dent. *ſturdineſs of blows.*
Drake. *p.* 19.
Drie. s. *ſuffer.*
Drowe. *drew.*
Dryng. *drink.*
Dude. *did.*
Dule. s. duel, dol. *dole, grief.*
Dyce. s. *dice, chequer work.*
Dyne. s. *p.* 90. *dinner.*

E.

Eard. s. *earth.*
Eikd. s. *p.* 70. *added, enlarged.*
Elviſh. *peeviſh:—fantaſtical.*
Ene. s. eyn. *eyes.* Ene. s. *even.*
Enſue. *follow.*
Entendement. f. *underſtanding.*
Ententifly. *to the entent, purpoſely.*
Er, ere. *before.* Ere. *ear.*
Ettled. *aimed.*

F.

Fader: Fatheris. s. *father*; *father's.*
Fadge. s. *a thick loaf of bread: figuratively, any coarſe heap of ſtuff.*
Fair of feir. s. *of a fair and healthful look, Ramſey. Rather, far off (free from) fear.*
Falſing. *dealing in falſhood.*
Fannes. *p.* 21. *inſtruments for winnowing corn.*
Fare. *go, paſs, travel.*

Fare,

Fare. *the price of a paſſage: p.* 78. *abuſively, ſhot, reckoning.*
Fauzt; faucht. s. *fought. Item fight.*
Feil. s. *p.* 71. *have failed.*
Fell. *p.* 15. *furious. p.* 21. *ſkin.*
Fend. *defend.*
Fere. *fear. Item companion, wife.*
Ferliet. s. *wondered.*
Ferly. *wonder; alſo, wonderful.*
Fey. s. *predeſtinated to death, or ſome misfortune: under a fatality.*
Fie. s. *beaſts, cattle.*
Firth, Firth. s. *a wood.*
Fitt. *diviſion, part. See the end of this Gloſſary.*
Fleyke, *p.* 129. *a large kind of hurdle.*
Flowan. s. *flowing.*
Fond. *contrive: alſo, endeavour, try.*
Force. *p.* 154. no force. *no matter.*
Forced. *regarded, heeded.*
Forefend. *avert, hinder.*
For fought. *p.* 21. *throughfighting: or perhaps* for-fought, *over-fought.*
Forwatcht. *over-watched, kept awake.*
Fors. *p.* 12. I do no fors. *I don't care.*
Forſt. *p.* 62. *heeded, regarded.*
Fowkin. *a cant word for a fart.*
Fox't. *drunk.*
Frae thay begin. *p.* 68. *from their beginning: from the time they begin.*
Freers, fryars. *friars, monks.*
Freake, freke, freyke, *man, human creature.*
Freyke. *p.* 130. *humour, indulge freakiſhly, capriciouſly.*
Freyned. *aſked.*
Frie. s. fre. *free.*

G.

Ga, gais. s. *go, goes.*
Gadlings. *gadders, idle fellows.*
Galliard. *a ſprightly kind of dance.*
Gayed. *made goy (their cloaths)*
Gear, gair. s. *goods, effects, ſtuff.*
Geere will ſway. *p.* 188. *this matter will turn out: affair terminate.*
Gederede ys hoſt. *gathered his hoſt.*
Gef, geve. *give.*
Geſt. *p.* 266. *act, feat, ſtory, hiſtory.* (*It is* Jeſt *in MS.*)
Gie, gien, s. *give, given.*
Gillore. *(Iriſh.) plenty.*
Gimp, jimp. s. *neat, ſlender.*
Girt. s. *pierced.* Throughgirt. *p.* 64. *pierced through.*
Give. s. giff. *if.*
Glaive f. *ſword.*
Glie. s. glee. *merriment, joy.*
Gliſt. s. *gliſtered.*
Gode, godneſs. *good, goodneſs.*
God before. *p.* 75. *a form of bleſſing.*
Good. *p.* 75. *ſc. a good deal.*
Gorget. *the dreſs of the neck.*
Gowan. s. *the common yellow crowfoot, or goldcup.*
Graithed (gowden). s. *was capariſoned with gold.*
Gree. f. *prize, victory.*
Greened. *grew green.*
Gret. *p.* 9. *great. p.* 8. *grieved, ſorry.*

Grippel. *griping, tenacious, miſerly.*
Grownes. *grounds. p.* 237 *(rhythmi gratiâ. (Vid.* Sowne.)
Growte. *In Northamptonſhire, is a kind of ſmall-beer, extracted from the malt, after the ſtrength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of ſweet ale medicated with eggs, ſaid to be a Daniſh liquor.*
Grype. *a griffin.*
Gurd. *p.* 18. *girded, laſhed, &c.*
Gybe. *jeſt, joke.*
Gyles. s. *guiles.*
Gyn. *engine, contrivance.*
Gyſe, s. *guiſe, form, faſhion.*

H.

Ha. *have.* ha. s. *hall.*
Habbe, aſe he brew. *p.* 4. *have, as he brews.*
Haggis. s. *a ſheep's ſtomach, ſtuff'd with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*
Hail, hale, s. *whole, altogether.*
Halt. *holdeth.*
Hame, hamward. *home, homeward.*
Han. *have.* 3. *perſ. plur.*
Hare . . ſwerdes. *p.* 4. *their . . ſwords.*
Harniſine. *harneſs, armour.*
Harrowed. *harraſſed, diſturbed.*
Hav. *have.*
Haves (of) *p.* 16. *effects, ſubſtance, riches.*
Hawkin. *i. e. Hobkin, diminutive of Robert: unleſs it may rather be thought ſynonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.*
He. *p.* 21. *hie, haſten.*
Hede *p.* 17. *hied. p.* 8. *he'd, he would. p.* 35. *heed.*
Hed. *head.*
Heare, here. *p.* 62. *hair.*
Heil. s. hele. *health.*
Hecht to lay thee law. s. *promiſed, engaged to lay thee low.*
Heicht. s. *height.*
Heiding-hill, s. *the 'heading* [*i. e. beheading*] *hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.*
Helen, *heal.*
Helpeth. *help ye.*
Hem. *them.*
Henne. *hence.*
Hent, hente. *held, laid hold of: alſo, received.*
Her. *p.* 17. 23. 28. *their.*
Here. *p.* 5. *their. p.* 58. *hear. p.* 37. *hair.*
Herkneth. *hearken ye.*
Hert, hart; hertis. *heart; hearts.*
Hes. s. *has.*
Het. *hot.*
Hether. s. *heath, a low ſhrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. ſo luxuriantly, as to choak the graſs; to prevent which the inhabitants ſet whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble ſimile in p.* 99.
Heuch. s. *a rock or ſteep hill.*
Hevede, hevedeſt. *had, hadeſt.*
Heveriche, hevenriche. *heavenly.*
Heyze. *high.* Heyd. s. *hied.*
Hicht, a-hicht. s. *on height.*
Hie dames to wail. s. *p.* 97. *high* [*or, great*] *ladies too wail; Or, haſten ladies to wail, &c.*

Hight.

Hight. *promiſed, engaged: alſo, named.*
Hilt. *taken off, ſlead. Sax.* hyl-dan.
Hinch-boys. *pages of honour, men that went on foot attending on perſons in office.*
Hinny. s. *honey.*
Hit. *it.* hit be write. *p.* 8. *it be written.*
Holden. *held.*
Holtis hair. s. *hoar hills.*
Holy-roode, *holy croſs.*
Honden wrynge. *hands wring.*
Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and halting.*
Houzle. *give the ſacrament.*
Howeres, howers. *hours.*
Huerte. *heart.*
Hye, hyeſt. *high, higheſt.*
Hynd attowre. s. *behind, over, or about.*
Hys. *his; alſo, is.*
Hyt, hytt. *it.*
Hyznes. *highneſs.*

I.

Janglers. *talkative perſons, tell-tales.*
I-lore, *loſt.* I-ſtrike. *ſtricken.*
I-trowe. [*I believe,*] *verily.*
I-wiſſe. [*I know,*] *verily.*
Ich. *I.* Ich biqueth. *I bequeath.*
Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*
Ilk: this ilk. s. *this ſame.*
Ilke. *p.* 18. every ilke. *every one.*
Inowe. *enough.*
Into. s. *in.*
Jo. s. *ſweet-heart, friend.*
Ioo, *p.* 20. *ſhould probably be* loo, *i. e. haloo!*
Is. *p.* 4. *his.*
Iſe. s. *I ſhall.*
Its neir. s. *p.* 91. *It ſhall ne'er.*
Jupe. s. *p.* 97. *an upper garment. Fr. a petticoat.*

K.

Keipand. s. *keeping.*
Kempes. *ſoldiers, warriours.*
Kend. s. *knew.*
Kene. *keen.*
Keynd. s. *p.* 67. *If this is "kind:" then in the next ver. we ſhould probably read* bauld and free. *Or perhaps* keynd *is corrupt for* kem'd, *combed, dreſſed out; or* ken'd, *known, proved.*
Kid, kithed. *made known, ſhown.*
Kind, kinde. *nature. p.* 15. To carpe is our kind. *it is natural for us to talk of.*
Kith and kin. *acquaintance and kindred.*
Kye. *kine, cows.*
Kyrtel, kirtle. *petticoat.*
Kythe. *appear; alſo, make appear, ſhew, declare.*
Kythed. *p.* 308. *appeared.*

L.

Layd unto her. *p.* 248. *imputed to her.*
Laſſe. *leſs.*
Layne. *lien: alſo, laid.*
Leek. *p.* 63. *phraſe of contempt.*
Leil. s. *loyal, honeſt, true.*
Leiman, leman. *lover, miſtreſs.*
Leir. s. lere. *learn.*

Lenger.

Lenger. *longer.*
Lengeth in. *p.* 264. *reſideth in.*
Lett, latte. *hinder. p.* 21. *ſtaken, leave off.*
Lever. *rather.*
Leves and bowes. *p.* 36. *leaves and boughs.*
Leuch, leugh, s. *laughed.*
Leyke, like. *p. lay. p.* 130, 266.
Lie. s. lee. *p.* 101. *field, plain.*
Liege-men. *vaſſals, ſubjects.*
Lightly. *eaſily.*
Lire, *p.* 270. *fleſh, complexion.*
Lodlye. *loathſome.*
Loo. *haloo!*
Lore. *leſſon, doctrine, learning.*
Lore. *loſt.*
Lorrel. *a ſorry, worthleſs perſon.*
Loſel. *ditto.*
Loud and ſtill. *phr. at all times.*
Lought; lowe. *laughed.*
Lowns. s. *p.* 94. *blazes.*
Lowte, lout. *bow, ſtoop.*
Lude, luid, luivt. s. *loved.*
Luiks. s. *looks.*
Lyard. *nimble. p.* 19. *probably the name of ſome noted horſe in the old romances.*
Lys. *lies.*
Lythe. *p.* 163. *eaſy, gentle.*
Lyven na more. *live no more, no longer.*

M.

Maden. *made.*
Making. *p.* 45. *ſc. verſes: verſifying.*
Marrow. s. *equal.*
Mart. s. *marred, hurt, damaged.*
Mane, maining. s. *moan, moaning.*
Mangonel. *an engine uſed for diſcharging great ſtones before the invention of gunpowder.*
Margarite. *a pearl.* lat.
Maugre. *p.* 4. *ſpite of. p.* 68. *ill-will (I incur).*
Me. *p.* 9. *men.* Me con. *men 'gan.*
Me-thuncheth. *methinks.*
Meane. *moderate, middle-ſized.*
Meit. s. meet. *fit, proper.*
Meid. s. *p.* 97. *mood.*
Meiſe. s. *ſoften, reduce, mitigate. p.* 100.
Mell. *honey.* Lat. Mel.
Menſe the faucht. s. *meaſure the battle.* To give to menſe, *is, to give above the meaſure.* Twelve and one to the menſe, *is common with children in their play. p.* 96.
Menzie. s. meaney. *retinue, company.*
Meſſager. f. *meſſenger.*
Mirke. s. *dark, black.*
Mirry. s. meri. *merry.*
Miſkaryed. *miſcarried.*
Miſter. s. *to need.*
Mo, moe. *more.*
Moiening. *by means of.* fr.
Mome. *a dull, ſtupid perſon.*
Mone. *moon.*
More, mure. s. *moor, marſhy ground.*
Mores. *hills. p.* 4. mores ant the fenne. *q. d. hill and dale.*
Morne. *p.* 68. the morn. *on the morrow: in the morning.*
Mornyng. *p.* 44. *mourning.*
Mote I thee. *might I thrive.*

Mowe.

Mowe. *may.*
Muchele boſt. *mickle boaſt, great boaſt.*
Mude. s. *mood.*
Mulne. *mill.*
Murne, murnt, murning. s. *mourn, mourned, mourning.*
Myzt; myzty. *might; mighty.*

N.

Natheles. *nevertheleſs.*
Neat. *oxen, cows, large cattle.*
Neatherd. *a keeper of cattle.*
Neatreſſe. *a female ditto.*
Neir. s. ner, nere. *ne'er, never.*
Nere. *p.* 264. *ne were; were it not for.*
Neſt; nyeſt. *next; neareſt.*
Noble. *a gold coin in value* 20 *groats, or* 6*s.* 8*d.*
Nom. *p.* 8. *took.* Nome. *name.*
Non. *none.* None. *noon.*
Nonce. *purpoſe.* for the nonce. *for the occaſion.*
Norlan. s. *northern.*
Norſe. s. *Norway.*
Nou. *now.*
Nout: nocht. s. *nought: alſo, not.* Nout. *p.* 10. *ſeems for* 'ne mought.'
Nowght. *nought.*
Nowls. *noddles, heads.*

O.

Ocht. s. *ought.*
Oferlyng. *ſuperior, paramount; oppoſed to* underling.
On. *p.* 44. *one, an.*
On-lofte. *p.* 18. *aloft.*
Or. *ere, before.*
Oriſons. s. *prayers.* f. oraiſons.
Ou, oure. *p.* 7. *you, your. ibid. our.*
Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
Owene: awen, ain. s. *own.*

P.

Pardè, perdie. *verily.* f. par dieu.
Pees, peſe. *peace.*
Pele. *a baker's peel.*
Pentarchye of tenſes. *five tenſes.*
Perchmine. f. *parchment.*
Per fay. s. *verily.* f. par foy.
Perkin. *diminutive of Peter.*
Perſit. s. pearced. *pierced.*
Petye. *pity.*
Peyn. *pain.*
Pibrochs. s. *Highland wartunes.*
Pilch. *p.* 20. *a veſtment made of ſkins.*
Playand. s. *playing.*
Plett. s. *platted.*
Plowmell. *p.* 2.
Poll-cat. *a cant word for a whore.*
Powlls. *polls, heads.*
Preſt. f. *ready.*
Prieſe. *p.* 78. *prove.*
Prove. *p.* 41. *proof.*
Prude. *p.* 4. *pride.*
Puing. s. *pulling.*
Purchaſed. *p.* 12. *procured.*
Purvayed. *provided.*

Q.

Quat. s. *quitted.*
Quaint. *p.* 222. *cunning. p.* 239. *nice. p.* . *fantaſtical.*
Quel. *p.* 130. *cruel, murderous.*

Quillets.

Quillets. *quibbles.* l. quidlibet.
Quyle. s. *while.*
Quyt. s. *quite.*
Qwyknit. s. *quickend, reſtored to life.*

R.

Rae. *a roe.*
Raik. s. *to go apace.* Raik on raw. *go faſt in a row.*
Raught. *reached, gained, obtained.*
Rea'me. *realm.*
Rede, redde. *p.* 9. *read.*
Rede, read. *p.* 30. *adviſe, advice.*
Redreſſe. *p.* 64. *care, labour.*
Reſe, reve, reeve. *bailiff.*
Reid. s. *adviſe.*
Remeid. s. *remedy.*
Reſcous. *reſcues.*
Reve. *p.* 19. *bereave, deprive.*
Revers. s. *robbers, pirates, rovers.*
Rew. s. *take pity.*
Riſe. *p.* 265. *ſhoot, buſh, ſhrub.*
Rive. *p.* 268. *riſe, abounding.*
Rood loft, *the place in the church where the images were ſet up.*
Rudd. *ruddineſs; complexion.*
Rude. s. rood. *croſs.*
Ruell-bones. *p.* 18. *bones diverſly coloured.* f. riolè. *query.*
Rugged. *p.* 23. *pulled with violence.*
Ruſhy. s. *p.* 71. *ſhould be* raſhy gair, *ruſhy ſtuff; ground covered with ruſhes.*
Ruthe. *p.* 41. *pity. p.* 203. *woe.*
Rywe. *rue.*

S.

Saif. s. *ſave.* Savely. *ſafely.*
Saiſede. *ſeized.*
Say, *p.* 27. *aſſay, attempt.*
Scant. *ſcarce.*
Schaw. s. *ſhow.*
Schene. s. *ſheen: ſhining; It. brightneſs.*
Schiples. s. *ſhipleſs.*
Scho. s. *ſhe.*
Schuke. s. *ſhook.*
Sclat. *ſlate: p.* 12. *little table-book of ſlates to write upon.*
Scot. *tax, revenue. p.* 5. *a year's tax of the kingdom.*
Se; ſene; ſeying. *ſee; ſeen; ſeeing.*
See, ſees. s. *ſea, ſeas.*
Sely, ſeely. *ſilly, ſimple.*
Selven. *ſelf.*
Selver, ſilver. s. *ſilver.*
Sen. s. *ſince.*
Senvy. *muſtard-ſeed.* f. ſenvie.
Seve. *p.* 268. *ſeven.*
Sey yow. *p.* 11. *ſay to, tell you.*
Seyd. s. *ſaw.*
Shave, *p.* 62. be ſhave. *been ſhaven*
Sheeve. *a great ſlice or luncheon of bread. p.* 238.
Shimmer'd. *glittered.*
Shirt of male. *coat of mail.*
Sho. s. *ſhe.*
Shope. *p.* 261. *betook me, ſhaped my courſe.*
Shorte. s. *ſhorten.*
Shrive. *confeſs. Item, hear confeſſion.*
Shynand. s. *ſhining.*
Shurting. *recreation, diverſion, paſtime. Vid. Gaw. Dougl. Gloſs.*
Shunted. *ſhunned.*
Sich, ſic. s. *ſuch.* Sich. s. *ſigh.*
Side. s. *p.* 270. *long.*
Sindle. s. *ſeldom.*

Sitteth

Sitteth. *ſit ye.*
Six-mens ſong. *p.* 24. *a ſong for ſix voices* *.
Skaith, ſcath. *harm, miſchief.*
Skalk. *p.* 129.
Skinker. *one that ſerves drink.*
Skinkled. s. *glittered.*
Skomfit. *diſcomfit.*
Skot. *ſhot, reckoning.*
Slattered. *ſlit, broke into ſplinters.*
Sle, ſlea, ſley, ſlo. *ſlay.*
Sonde. *a preſent.*
Sone. *ſoon. p.* 9. *ſon. p.* . *ſun.*
Sonn. *p.* 265. *ſun.*
Soth, ſooth. *truth*; *alſo, true*.
Soothly. *truly.*
Souling. *p.* 238. *victualling.* Sowle is *ſtill uſed in the north for anything eaten with bread.* A.S. Sufle. Supol. *Joh.* 21. 5.
Sowne. *ſound. p.* 46. *(rhythmi gr.)*
Spec. ſpak, ſpack. s. *ſpake.*
Spence. *expence.*
Spilt. s. *ſpoilt.*
Spole. *ſhoulder.* f. eſpaule. *p.* 190. *it ſeems to mean "arm-pit."*
Stalwart. *ſtout.*
Startopes. *buſkins worn by ruſtics, laced down before.*
Stead, ſtede. *place.*
Steir. s. *ſtir.*
Stel. *ſteel.* ſteilly s. *ſteely.*
Stound. *time.* a ſtound, *a-while.*
Stoup of weir. s. *pillar of war.*
Strike. *p.* 12. *ſtricken.*
Stra, ſtrae. s. *ſtraw.*
Suthe, ſwith. *ſoon, quickly.*
Suore bi ys chyn. *ſworn by his chin.*
Sware. *ſwearing, oath.*
Swa, ſa. *ſo.*
Swarvde, ſwarved. *climbed.*
Swaird. *the graſſy ſurface of the ground.*
Swearde, ſwerd. *ſword.*
Swevens. *dreams.*
Swipping. *p.* 21. *ſtriking faſt.*
Swipples. *p.* 21.
Swinkers. *labourers.*
Swyving. *whoring.*
Syke. *ſigh.*
Syn. *ſince.* Syne. s. *then.*
Syſhemell. *p.* 60. *Iſhmael.*
Syth. *ſince.*

T.

Take. *p.* 25. *taken.*
Taken. s. *p.* 100. *token, ſign.*
Targe *target, ſhield.*
Te. *to.* te make. *p.* 3. *to make.*
Te he! *interjection of laughing.*
Tent. s. *heed.*
Terry. *perhaps diminutive of Theodore.*
Tha. *p.* 22. *them.* Thah. *though.*
Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there.*
The. *thee.*

* So Shakeſpear uſes, THREE MAN SONG-MEN in his Winter's Tale. A. 3. ſc. 3. to denote men that could ſing catches compoſed for three voices. Of theſe ſort are Weelkes's madrigals mentioned above in p. 170. A learned friend doubts whether the original phraſe was not SIX-MUNS SONG, &c. MUN ſignifies *Mouth* in all the northern dialects, and is ſtill ſo uſed in the north of England. But Shakeſp. has THREE-MAN BEETLE. i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. 4. A. 1. ſc. 3.

The

The God. *p.* 24. *ſeems contracted for* The he. *i. d. high God.*
Thii. *p.* 268. *they.*
Thi ſone. *p.* 9. *thy ſon.*
Thilke. *this.*
Thir towmonds. s. *theſe twelve months.*
Tho. *then. p.* 32. *thoſe.*
Thole; tholed. *ſuffer; ſuffered.*
Thouſt. *thou ſhalt, or ſhouldeſt.*
Thrang. s. *throng.*
Thrawis. s. *throes.*
Thritti thouſent. *thirty thouſand.*
Thrie. s. thre. *three.*
Thrif. *thrive.*
Thruch, throuch. s. *through.*
Thud. *p.* 100. *noiſe of a fall.*
Tibbe. *diminutive of Tabitha: or perhaps invertedly for* Bidde, *diminutive of Bridget.*
Tift. s. *puff of wind.*
Tild down. *p.* 266. *pitched. qu.*
Till. s. *to. p.* 16. *when. query.*
Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy.*
Tint. s. *loſt.*
Too-fall. s. *twilight.*
Traitery e. *treaſon.*
Trie. s. tre. *tree.*
Trichard. *treacherous.* f. tricheur.
Trieſthen. *trick, deceive.*
Trough, trouth. *troth.*
Trow. *think, believe.*
Trumped. *p.* 16. *perhaps* tramped. *trampled.*
Trumps. *p.* 21.
Tuke gude keip. s. *kept a cloſe eye upon her.*
Turnes a crab. *ſc. at the fire: roaſts a crab.*
Twirtle twiſt. s. *p.* 93. *thoroughly twiſted:* "*twiſted,*" *or* "*twirled twiſt.*" f. tortillè.

V.

Vair. *Somerſetſh. dialect. fair.*
Valziant. s. *valiant.*
Vazem. *Som. perhaps, faith.*
Uch. *each.*
Vive. *p.* 268. *Som. five.*
Unbethought. *bethought.*
Uncertain. s. *p.* 67. *doubtful. or perhaps,* in certain, i. e. *for certain.*
Unmuſit. s. *undiſturbed, unconfounded. perh.* unmuvit.
Unſonſie. s. *unlucky, unfortunate.*
Vriers. *Som. friers. p.* 277. *(it is* Vicars *in PCC.)*
Uthers. s. *others.*

W.

Wa. s. *p.* 88. *way. p.* 172. *wall.*
Waine. *waggon.*
Wallowit. s. *faded, withered.*
Wame. s. *womb.*
Wan neir. s. *drew near.*
Wanrufe. s. *uneaſy.*
War ant wys. *wary and wiſe.*
Ward. s. *watch, ſentinel.*
Warke. s. *work.*
Warld. s. *world.*
Waryd. s. *accurſed.*
Wate. s. weete, wete, wit, witte, wot, wote, wotte. *know.*
Weale, weel, weil, wele, s. *well.*
Weet. s. *wet.*
Weid. s. wede, weed. *cloaths, clothing.*
We it. s. *p.* 92. *with it.*
Weldynge. *ruling.*

Weind.

Weind. s. wende, went, weende. *weened, thought.*
Wene; weneſt. *ween; weeneſt.*
Wend, wenden. *go.*
Wende. *went.* *p.* 9. wendeth. *goeth.*
Wer. *were.*
Wereth. *p.* 263. *defendeth.*
Werre: weir. s. *war.* Waris. s. *war's.*
Wes. *was.*
Weſtlin. s. *weſtern.*
Wheder. *p.* 30. *whither.*
Whelyng. *wheeling.*
Whig. *ſour whey, or butter-milk.*
Wildings. *wild apples.*
Wirke wiſlier. *work more wiſely.*
Wiſpes and kixes. *p.* 23. *whiſpes and kexes.*
Wiſs; wiſt. *know; knew.*
Withouten. *without.*
Wobſter. s. webſter. *weaver.*
Wode-ward. *p.* 37. *towards the wood.*
Woe worth. *woe be to* [*thee.*]
Won. *wont, uſage.*
Wonder. *p.* 270. *wonderfully.*
Wote, wot. *know.* I wote. *verily*
Worſhipfully frended. *p.* 249. *of worſhipful friends.*
Wreake. *purſue revengefully.*
Wreuch. s. *wretchedneſs.*
Wrouzt. *wrought.*
Wynnen. *win, gain.*
Wiſſe. *p.* 8. *direct. govern, take care of.* A. S. ꝑiꝛꝛian:

Y.

Y. *I.* Y ſynge. *I ſing.*
Yae. s. *each.*
Y-beare; Y-boren. *beare; borne.* *ſo* Y-founde. *found.* Y-mad. *made.* Y-wonne. *won.*
Y-core. *choſen.*
Y-wis. [*I know*] *verily.*
Y-zote. *molten, melted.*
Yalping. s. *yelping.*
Ycholde, yef. *I ſhould, if.*
Yearded. *p.* 267.
Yede, yode. *went.*
Yfere. *together.*
Yf. *if.*
Yll. *ill.*
Yn. *houſe, home.*
Ys. *p.* 10. *is. p.* 4. *his. p.* 8. *in vis.*

Z.

Zacring bell. *Som.* Sacring bell. *a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the hoſt.* (*It is* Zeering *in PCC.*)
Zee: zeene. *Som. ſee: ſeen.*
Zef. yef: *if.*
Zeirs. s. *years.*
Zeme. *take care of.* A. S. ȝemian.
Zent. *through.* A. S. ȝeond.
Zeſtrene. s. *yeſter-e'en.*
Zit. s. zet. *yet.*
Zoud. s. *you'd, you would.*
Zule. s. yule. *chriſtmas.*
Zung. s. *young.*

POST-SCRIPT.

Since page 154 *was printed off, reaſons have offered, which lead us to think that the word* FIT, *originally ſignified*

ſignified "a poetic ſtrain, verſe," or "poem"; for in theſe ſenſes it is uſed by the Anglo-Saxon Writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a verſion of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, Dare pirdom tha thaf pitte arungen hæfde, *p. 65. i. e. "When wiſdom had ſung theſe* [FITTS] *verſes." And in the Proem. to the ſame book* Fon on pitte, "*Put into* [FITT] "*verſe.*" *So in Cedmon, p.* 45. Feond on pitte, *ſeems to mean "compoſed a ſong," or "poem."*

Spenſer has uſed the ſame word to denote "a ſtrain of "muſic:" ſee his poem, COLIN *Clouts come home again, where he ſays,* The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walt. R*

Provoked me to play ſome pleaſant FIT,
And when he heard the muſick which I made
He found himſelf full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

Various inſtances will be found in the next volume. See the Gloſs.
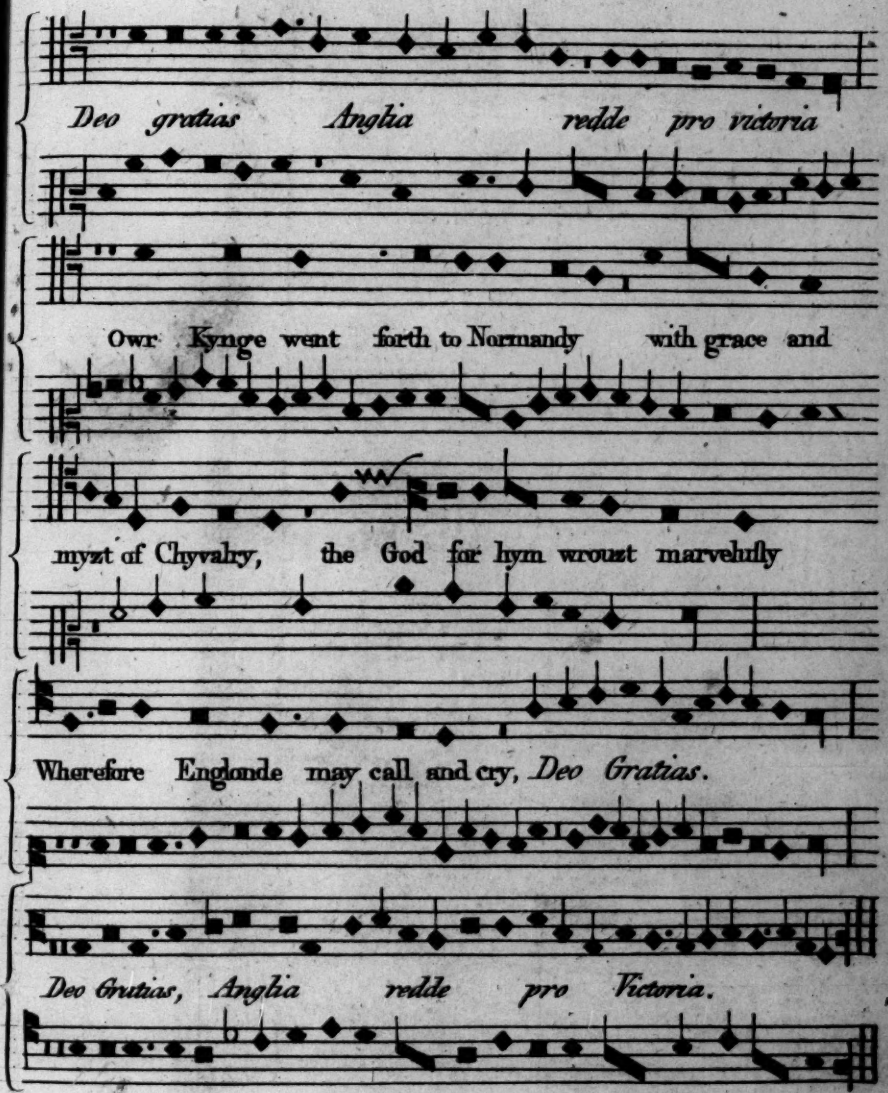
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THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



See Pag. 66. K

The Notes referred to Vol. 2.d pag. 24



To come in at the End of Vol. 2.d

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